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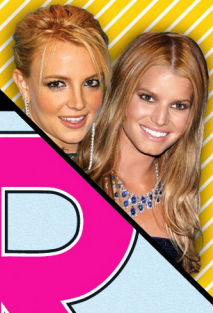

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HUSTLER Parody. Note to Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton: A former editor is to blame for this parody. He was fired the moment we found out about it. Unfortunately, it was too late to pull it from the printers. Please contact us, and we will give you his home address and phone number.

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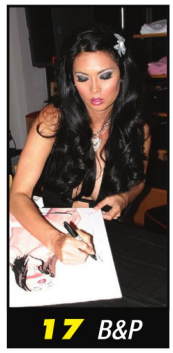

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DRAFT AL GORE!

I say no to Hillary, no to Obama, no to Edwards and no to the whole gaggle of Democratic candidates for President! Hillary Clinton is too cozy with the Democratic Leadership Council—Republicans in Democrats' clothing. Barack Obama speaks only in parables, refusing to address the tough issues of the day. Meanwhile, John Edwards (despite his current posturing) not only voted for the Iraq War, but also for the original 2001 version of the Bankruptcy Bill—a dagger aimed at the heart of the middle class. None of the Democratic Party's other candidates, good or bad, would seem to have a chance.

That leaves Al Gore. Since his humiliating defeat in 2000—humiliating because he walked away from what should have been his victory—Gore has remade himself into a man of quiet strength and integrity. The Oscar win for his documentary and his nomination for a Nobel Peace Prize testify to that. He is, in short, exactly the kind of leader our country needs during this difficult time.

I am well aware that Gore has stated he is not a candidate for President. However, I do not believe it is his call. It is the people—you and I—who should have the final say in this matter. We must let this humanitarian know that America needs him now more than ever before. Join me in signing the petition at DraftGore.com.

Larry Flynt
Publisher

TECH KNOW

Better living through gadgets.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

RISE, ROBOTS, RISE! ▶

This futuristic, four-legged friend is the latest in a line of remote-controlled robots from the fine folks at WowWee (the creators of **Robosapien** and **Roboraptor**). The **Roboquad** not only maneuvers in any direction (at three speeds), but is also equipped with a deep IR scanner that can spot movement up to 13 feet away. This feature allows the robot to navigate doorways and detect table edges. **Roboquad** also has flashing lights, cool sound effects and a sensor that reacts quickly to noises and intrusions. Available at retailers nationwide. Suggested retail price: $119.

TAKE A DIRTY PICTURE ▶

Most compact cameras on the market today sacrifice image quality in order to become increasingly smaller and more portable. Not Casio's new **EXILIM Hi-ZOOM EX-V7**, which perfectly combines innovative design and high-quality picture-taking. Billed by Casio as the world's slimmest digital camera, this 7.2-megapixel marvel features a 7X zoom and anti-shake DSP to assure the best shots possible. Plus, the **EX-V7** is so thin, it can fit right into a shirt pocket—meaning you can take it everywhere. Available at ***Casio.com***. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

BLOW ME ▼

Have you ever had a few drinks and wondered what your blood alcohol content (BAC) was? Don't find out the hard way by being busted for drunk driving. Instead, get this small, sleek and highly accurate **BACtrack Breathalyzer**. The lightweight unit, which is just 4 inches long and less than a half-inch thick, comes with a carrying case and has a range of 0 to 0.40%. Don't blow it by getting arrested for DUI. Just blow this. Available at ***BACTrack.com***. Suggested retail price: $79.99.

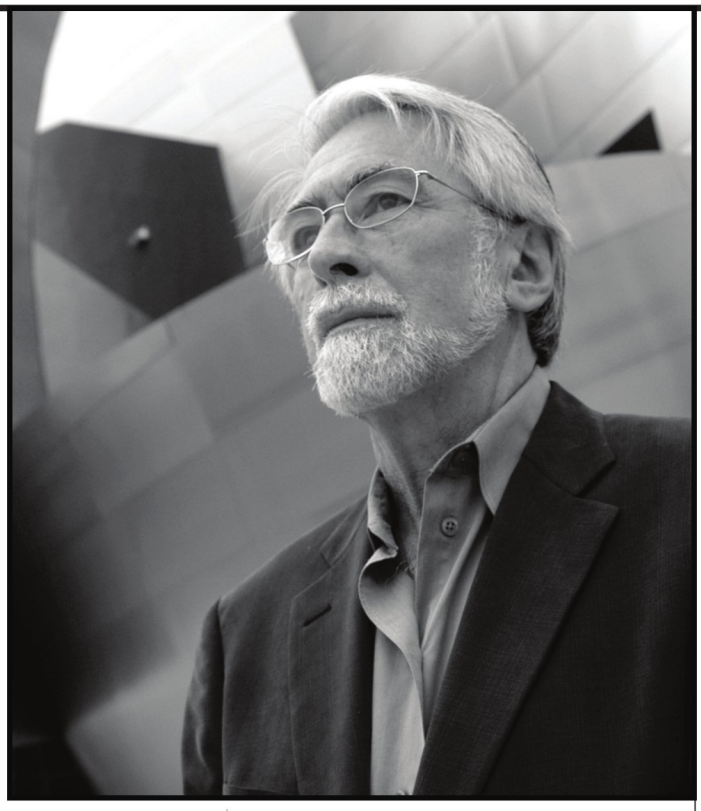
◀NICE, TIGHT BOX

This all-in-one, high-powered speaker system may be exactly what you need to share the music trapped in your portable music player. The **iSound Concert to Go** features an AM/FM radio, alarm clock and wireless remote for portable use, not to mention a built-in subwoofer and 36 watts of distortion-free output. The unit, which runs on batteries or AC power, is compatible with all iPods, as well as PSP, CD and MP3 players, Zune, satellite radio and anything else equipped with a standard headphone jack. Man, do we love a nice, tight box! Available at ***iSound.net***. Suggested retail price: $149.99.

I AM A DJ ▶

Do you want to be the life of the party for fewer than 400 bucks? Then pick up the **DN-S1000** CD/MP3 player from Denon. The portable DJ unit lets you mix and match tracks from either CDs or MP3s to create a nonstop, perfect mix. All you have to do is add your own speakers, and it's time to get down. Besides next track/cross fade functions, the remarkable device lets you scratch and adjust the pitch of whatever is playing. Let's get this party started right now! Available at Sam Ash and Guitar Center. Suggested retail price: $399.99.

EMPEROR TENET HAS NO CLOTHES



THE SLIMINESS OF FORMER CIA DIRECTOR GEORGE TENET's $4-million book deal and the subsequent everybody-screwed-up-but-me tome it produced has obscured the very real questions it was supposed to answer: Why did the Bush Administration want to invade Iraq so badly that it couldn't even wait for the U.N. weapons inspectors to finish their job? If there was zero solid intelligence that Saddam Hussein was working with al-Qaeda, why did 9/11 lead to the taking of Baghdad? And finally, if everybody from the CIA to the State Department to the generals is now claiming to have been overwhelmed by the kooky neocons who had the President's ear, why did none of them step forward and tell us this at the time when it would have mattered?

Reviewers of Tenet's book from the left, right and middle of the political spectrum universally panned it as a self-serving symbol of bureaucratic cowardice. The man who reportedly told the President that the case for Iraq having weapons of mass destruction was a "slam dunk" has now managed to drain a three-pointer, getting rich while taking revenge and revising history to his convenience. Pity the historian who has to wade through the coming flood of similar tripe the now-fractious Iraq War team will produce over the next decade. Just as with the similar quagmire of Vietnam, there is plenty of blame to go around—and few who will be willing to stand up and accept it.

To simplify the blame game to date: The neocons and their fellow travelers at the White House—Cheney, Feith, Woolsey, Rumsfeld, etc.—blame the intelligence agencies for not producing solid evidence that Iraq was as nasty and dangerous as they were convinced it was. The intelligence agencies, on the other hand, say they were badgered and intimidated into telling the White House what it wanted to hear, even though they only had the flimsiest of support for this position.

Considering the behavior of the Bush Administration and its terrible record of lying, it is easier to buy the latter line. Without prodding, after all, President Bush himself has thrown out such whoppers as the complete fiction that the invasion was triggered by Saddam Hussein throwing out the inspectors, that we had found mobile bioterror facilities in post-invasion Iraq and, over and over again, that we are making great progress in Iraq—all evidence being to the contrary. Hence a recent op-ed cartoon depicting Bush being dragged by some Republican elephants out of his bubble in a phased withdrawal.

Of course, because it was actually the U.S. that told inspectors to skedaddle so we could begin the "Shock and Awe" bombing portion of our ill-fated colonization of Iraq, no WMDs were ever found in Iraq, and all "metrics"—like numbers of headless bodies found, U.S. soldiers maimed or killed, being able to turn on the lights, etc.—point to a steady four-year-old whirlpool of despair and decline.

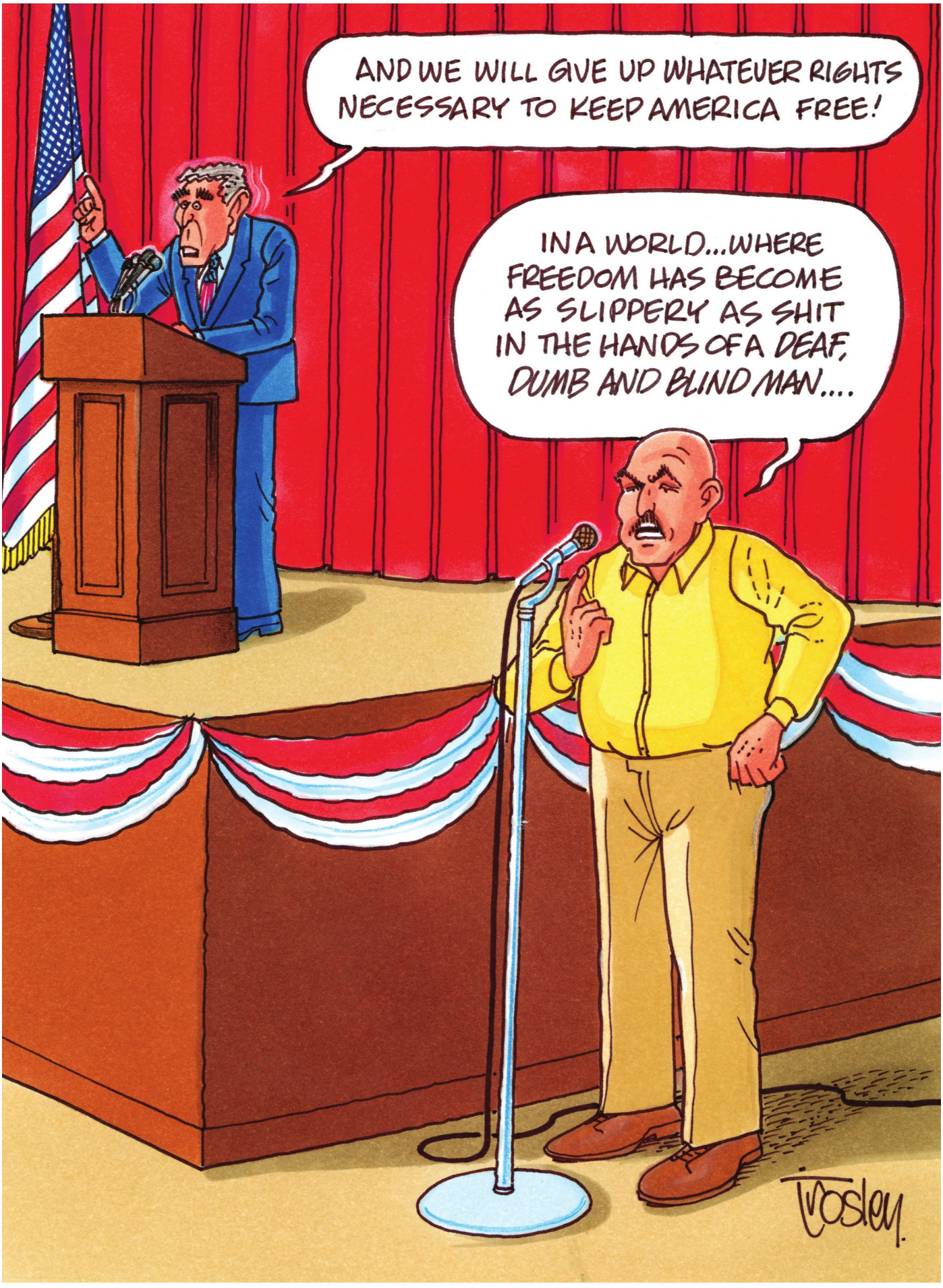
This ugly portrait aside, however, Tenet bears way more responsibility than he seems to care to admit for the Iraq War. After all, he was director of the Central Intelligence Agency, the granddaddy of U.S. spy outfits. It was his responsibility to say clearly and repeatedly: "There is no compelling evidence that Iraq is a threat to the United States at this time. There is no clear and present danger."

Tenet has explained away the "slam dunk" quote, reported by the *Washington Post*'s Bob Woodward, as referring to how the persuasive case for going to war could be punched up. And this is better how? Is the CIA's job to manufacture arguments for a President's fantasies or to provide him with analysis of what is really going on?

To be sure, the best pre-war reporting about the severe limitations of the administration's case for invading Iraq came from anonymous intelligence community (and State Department) sources. Ditto for many of the caveats in the National Intelligence Estimate on Iraq, which was sliced and diced by the White House to convince a compliant Congress to authorize the use of force.

Yet in hindsight, these anonymous warnings and caveats amounted to little. Considering that none of the more skeptical top officials—a Colin Powell, a George Tenet—broke ranks publicly with the administration when it would have mattered, their actions now look more like ass-covering than real attempts to stop a monster that has ultimately claimed tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of lives.

If George Tenet or any of these guys were truly honorable, they'd take all their blood money and give it to the Iraqis and Americans who have lost children, spouses, parents, limbs or their sanity as comeuppance for not having the guts to tell the American people that the emperor had no clothes. And neither did Tenet.


AND WE WILL GIVE UP WHATEVER RIGHTS NECESSARY TO KEEP AMERICA FREE!
IN A WORLD...WHERE FREEDOM HAS BECOME AS SLIPPERY AS SHIT IN THE HANDS OF A DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND MAN....
Trosley

Brothers in Arms

I enjoyed Danny Schechter's profile of Keith Olbermann in the June '07 issue. In a time when virtually all talk-show hosts lean to the far right, Olbermann is a vital voice of freedom and truth. His nightly show on MSNBC has become must-viewing as our country prepares for perhaps the most important Presidential election in its history.

Olbermann's nerves of steel in facing Bush and his blind followers—along with the President's own public relations outlet, Fox News—make Olbermann similar in many ways to Larry Flynt. Like Flynt, Olbermann describes what he sees without fear or favor and doesn't back down from right-wing zealots who have made a new art out of twisting, bending and breaking the truth.

When it comes to covering national politics, profiles such as the one on Olbermann are what set HUSTLER apart in the printed journalism field. No one is going to scare Flynt from exposing the truth, be it the war in Iraq or the latest Fox spin. With people like Olbermann and Flynt shining the light for truth, there is yet hope for our country. Good night, and good luck to us all.

—Chris Bridges
Winder, Georgia

Stripped!

The town I live in has gotten so damn right-wing conservative that it's next to impossible to buy XXX entertainment, so I have to subscribe and order videos online. Not only that, the nearby town of Grand Rapids has all but shut down the local strip clubs [after being pressured by local lobbying groups Black Hills Citizens for a Better Community and the Michigan Decency Action Council]. I would like to hereby nominate the Grand Rapids City Commission for a great big "Asshole of the Month" award for its totally right-wing, un-American activities!

—Dennis Comstock
Muskegon, Michigan

Saved!

I'm a middle-aged woman who grew up a prude Bible-thumper from Texas. Through my family's involvement in political campaigning, I'm ashamed to say that I would have voted for George W. Bush if I were interested in politics at the time. Shortly thereafter I came to know an individual who was instrumental in Larry Flynt's recovery after the attempt on his life. What rights would have vanished if not for Mr. Flynt's awareness and tenacity?!

I recently began to read HUSTLER, and I cannot put it down! I have learned more between its covers than I have from any newspaper or network program, especially about the reality of what's happening in this once-great country.

Have you considered exposing the greatest corruption in our monetary system: the Federal Reserve, established by the Federal Reserve Act of 1913 as a private stock corporation, of which the United States government does not own one share?

I am now in recovery from the Bible, Texas, Republicans and ignorance. A thank-you is not enough! **—Annette Ahlers**
Sacramento, California

The 1975 pictorial *Butch: A Black Stud and His Georgia Peach* helped cement HUSTLER's reputation as a bold and fearless mag.

Color-Blind Classic

When are you going to do the next Peaches and Butch? I'd like to see a conclusion to that famous layout [published in December '75 and reprinted in July '95]. I've waited a long time to see a sweet, kneeling Peaches finally taking Butch's huge, throbbing black birdie into her sweet, willing mouth!

—T.W.
Palm Bay, Florida

LETTER FROM OUR TROOPS

I'M IN AFGHANISTAN RIGHT NOW, a soldier serving out an unspecified extension. That means I've been here a year, but the old man says I've got more work to do, so I got to run around them mountains a while longer trying to find bad guys to drop thousands of dollars' worth of ordnance on. Anyway, the only complaints are no alcohol, bad food, and the closest thing to women we see are Afghani ninjas. The last bit is somewhat alleviated when I get the chance to see Jenna Haze doing what she does. She makes waking up to the same group of unshaven and unshowered bastards that much easier. And thanks to you for keeping that First Amendment I fight for worth fighting over. See you Stateside.

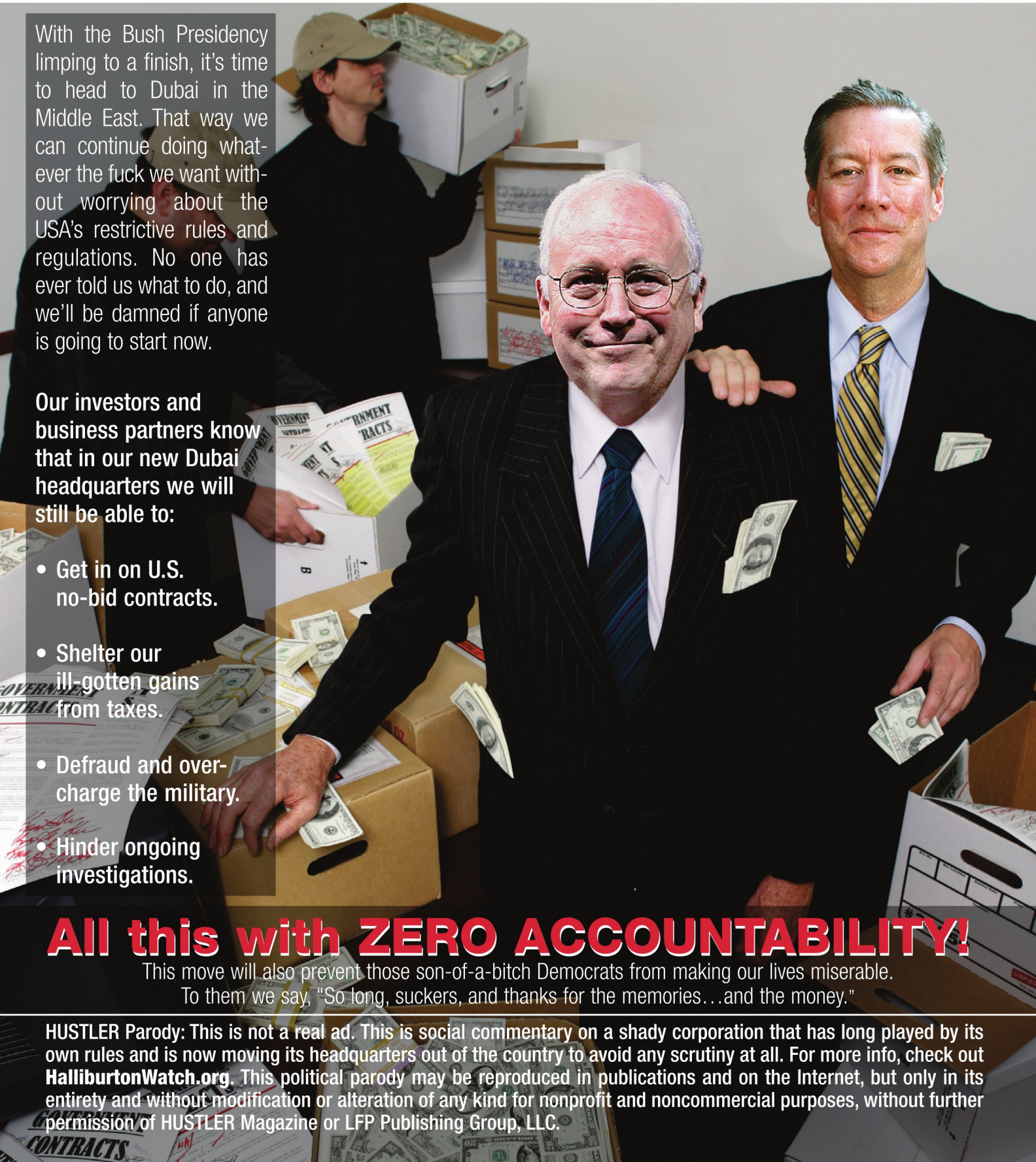
—Sergeant Z.J.
Somewhere in Afghanistan

Jenna Haze

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or e-mail to *Hustler@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

HALLIBURTON

Nothing Has Changed Except Our Address.



With the Bush Presidency limping to a finish, it's time to head to Dubai in the Middle East. That way we can continue doing whatever the fuck we want without worrying about the USA's restrictive rules and regulations. No one has ever told us what to do, and we'll be damned if anyone is going to start now.

Our investors and business partners know that in our new Dubai headquarters we will still be able to:

- **Get in on U.S. no-bid contracts.**
- **Shelter our ill-gotten gains from taxes.**
- **Defraud and overcharge the military.**
- **Hinder ongoing investigations.**

All this with ZERO ACCOUNTABILITY!

This move will also prevent those son-of-a-bitch Democrats from making our lives miserable.
To them we say, "So long, suckers, and thanks for the memories…and the money."

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David Geffen

Entertainment industry mogul David Geffen regards himself as the man who would be kingmaker. Geffen's input is only more valuable than the next voter's because in our corrupt electoral system, we no longer have "one man, one vote." Instead, in American politics, money doesn't talk, it screams, enabling billionaires like Geffen to have delusions of grandeur.

In February 2007, Geffen threw a fundraising bash for Presidential candidate Barack Obama, making headlines by bashing Bill and Hillary Clinton in the *New York Times*. During the 1990s he reportedly raised $18 million for Bill's Presidential campaigns and slept in the Lincoln Bedroom.

But today, flip-flopper Geffen trashes the couple as "the Clinton royal family," warning that the Hillary for President "machine is going to be very unpleasant and unattractive and effective." The holier-than-thou Geffen also declared, "Everybody in politics lies, but [the Clintons] do it with such ease, it's troubling."

You mean like the way, according to *Forbes* magazine, you—a college dropout—lied by "forging university stationery to supply credentials" for a William Morris Agency job back in the day, David?

Geffen called New York's junior senator an "incredibly polarizing figure. … God knows, is there anybody more ambitious than Hillary Clinton? ... It's not a very big thing to say 'I made a mistake' on the war, and typical…that she can't."

Geffen reserved his worst remarks for the ex-horndog-in-chief: "I don't think anybody believes that in the last six years, all of a sudden Bill Clinton has become a different person." Referring to Clinton's extramarital hanky-panky, Geffen derided the former leader of the free world as "a reckless guy [who] gave his enemies a lot of ammunition to hurt him and to distract the country."

Well, la-dee-fucking-da. You mean, as a rich, unmarried, gay male, you haven't engaged in reckless blowjobs, Mr. Geffen? And who fucking elected you Tinseltown's morality cop? Besides which, if Hillary is as godawful as you make her out to be, you should pity her poor husband and cheer him on when he gets a little extra on the side.

Truth be told, Geffen actually has a point regarding the Clintons' dubious nature. But given all that, why did the balding 64-year-old support slimeball Slick Willy and First Lady Macbeth way back when? If Geffen recants today and admits his lapse of judgment in backing the Clintons when they were in the White House, why should anyone believe he's currently exercising wisdom in his 2008 Presidential pick?

The Obama campaign clambake took place at Geffen's Malibu mansion. By supporting the black candidate, Geffen may fancy himself to be "a man of the people." Give us a break. The *Forbes* 400 lists this plutocrat as #45, with a net worth of "only" $4.5 billion.

Attesting to his character, the chateau where Geffen feted Obama has been a source of controversy for environmentalists and beachgoers alike. Geffen has selfishly attempted to block public access to a public beach, trying to keep the riffraff away from his oceanfront hacienda.

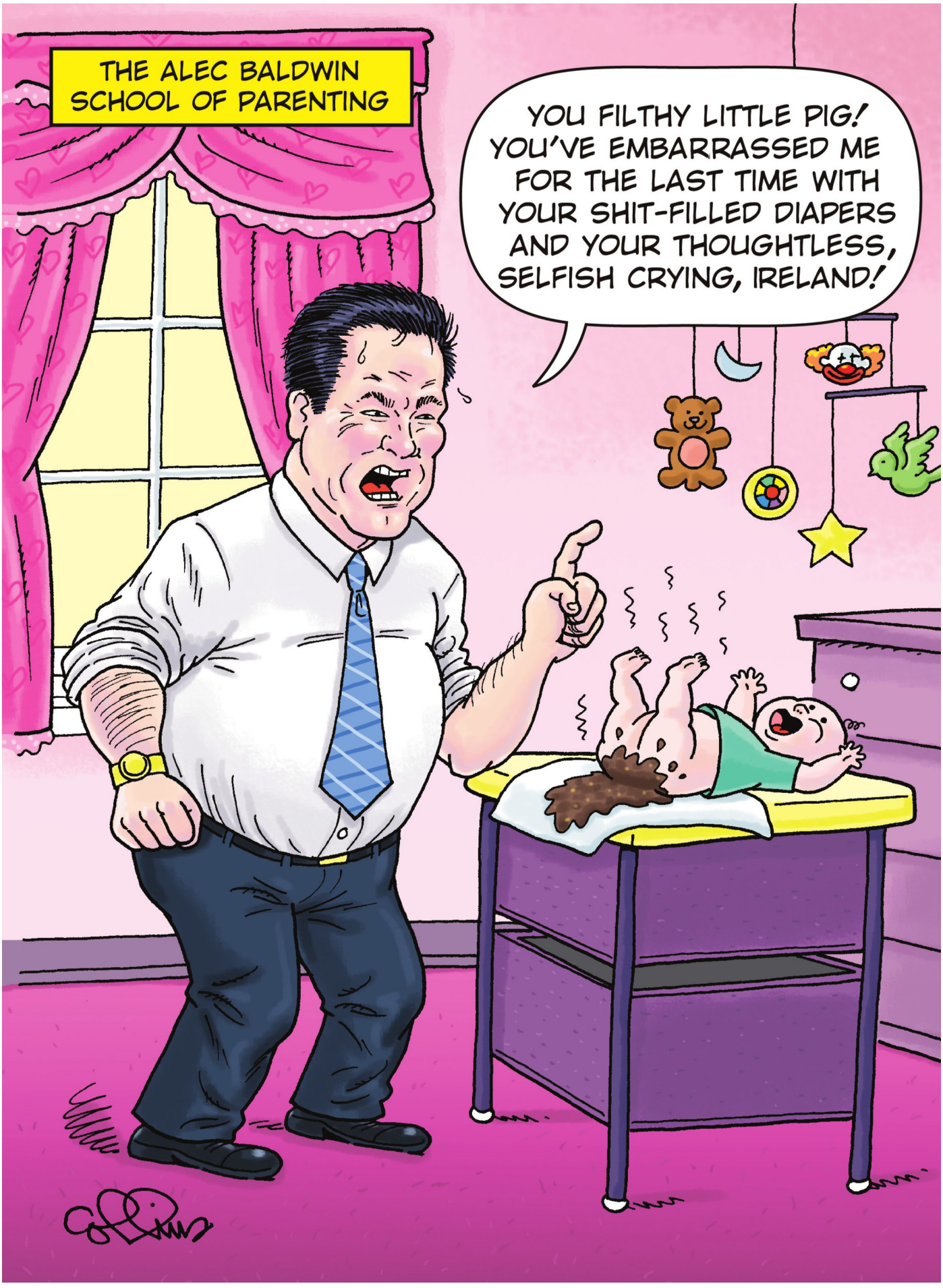
That Obama—the product of elite private schools—allows himself to be wined and dined by such a territorial hog reveals much about the money-hungry candidate and what little regard he, like Geffen, has for the "peasants." Geffen may think he's a political kingpin, but in reality he's a greedy pig.

And the last laugh is on him, because just as Geffen became disenchanted with the Clintons, he'll eventually discover that Senator Obama is an empty suit who speaks in generalities, refusing to take real stands—like the immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops from Iraq. We guess, then, fickle Geffen will badmouth Obama too.

Farts in the Wind

"Ex"-CIA operative **Luis Posada Carriles** has been implicated in the 1970s downing of a Cuban jetliner (killing 73), assassination attempts against Fidel Castro, Havana hotel blasts, the Iran-Contra scandal, etc. Nevertheless, when he was taken into custody by the United States in 2005, it was only for immigration fraud. On May 8, 2007, federal Judge Kathleen Cardone dismissed the case, probably to keep Posada quiet about other covert actions. Posada is wanted in Venezuela and Cuba, but despite those countries' demands that the notorious fugitive be handed over to stand trial, Washington has refused to budge—in violation of treaties and international law. Bush is soft on terrorism.

The corrupt Bush regime has let foxes into the henhouse by appointing numerous cronies to regulate the very industries they come from. The most recent case is Dubya's nomination of **Michael Baroody** to head the Consumer Products Safety Commission. For 13 years, Baroody has been executive vice-president of the National Association of Manufacturers (NAM), a K Street lobbying firm that helps its clients evade accountability for wrongdoing. Under Baroody, NAM has: fought to allow a higher level of arsenic in drinking water; opposed attempts to ban tobacco billboards near schools; worked to shield corporate CEOs from criminal liability for marketing deadly products to the public; etc. CNN's Lou Dobbs decried Baroody's nomination as "simply outrageous!"


THE ALEC BALDWIN SCHOOL OF PARENTING
YOU FILTHY LITTLE PIG! YOU'VE EMBARRASSED ME FOR THE LAST TIME WITH YOUR SHIT-FILLED DIAPERS AND YOUR THOUGHTLESS, SELFISH CRYING, IRELAND!

Tera Patrick—flanked by Dustin Flynt (left), Theresa Flynt, Larry Flynt, Liz Flynt, Jimmy Flynt and Evan Seinfeld—packed 'em in for photo-ops and autographs.

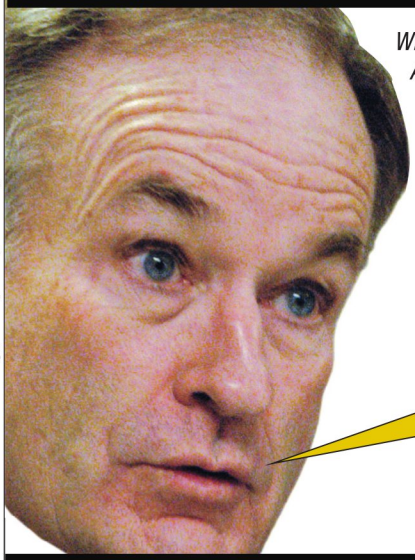
PHOTOS BY THEHARDCORESOURCE.COM

INTERACTIVE EVENING

TERA PATRICK, THE HOTTEST WORKING woman in porn (sorry, Jenna), appeared at the HUSTLER Hollywood store on L.A.'s Sunset Strip to celebrate the release of her latest DVD, *InTERActive*. Also on hand were Larry Flynt, first daughter Theresa Flynt, nephew Dustin Flynt and Tera's hubby, Evan Seinfeld. Meanwhile, hundreds of fans got to gawk at titillating Tera in the flesh.

"Don't have sex. It leads to kissing, and pretty soon you have to start talking to them." —STEVE MARTIN, ACTOR

The Stupidest Thing That Bill O'Reilly Said Lately



When talking to retired Colonel Ann Wright (an Army career officer, diplomat and recognized Geneva Conventions expert) about Iran holding British sailors hostage, O'Reilly bristled at the antiwar activist's suggestion that Americans and George W. Bush had also violated human rights.

So it's our fault? We are the evil people in the world?! We're the bad guys? ... Somewhere along the line, you started to dislike your own country. Cut her mic off!

You're right, Bill. It's best not to listen to someone in the know. Let's compare Ms. Wright's 29 years of active military service to the combined time served by you and Dubya, which is...zero!

THANKS AND $150 go to J.A. of Brooklyn, New York, for this "group grope." Send your smut of yesteryear to HUSTLER's "Porn From the Past," 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Include a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want the material returned.

"The difference between pornography and erotica is lighting." —GLORIA LEONARD, FORMER PORN QUEEN

CELEBRITY FANTASY

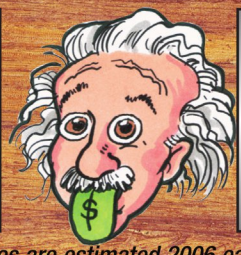
WHAT WOULD Jennifer Hudson LOOK LIKE WITH A DICK IN HER MOUTH?

WHY DOES THE FORMER *American Idol* singer-turned-Academy-Award-winning-actress excite us? Maybe it's because the full-lipped beauty has a stiff cock in her mouth?

DISCLAIMER. Parody picture; no such picture of Jennifer Hudson actually exists, as far as we know. This composite fantasy picture is altered from the original for our imagination, does not depict reality and is not to be taken seriously for any purpose. It is a federal offense to masturbate to this image.

CELEBRITIES WHO ARE DEAD, BUT STILL MAKE MORE MONEY THAN YOU DO:

JOHN LENNON
$20 million
Imagine all that money!



ALBERT EINSTEIN
$20 million
It doesn't take a genius to realize how rich *his* family is!

THEODOR "DR. SEUSS" GEISEL
$10 million
That's a whole lot of green eggs and ham!

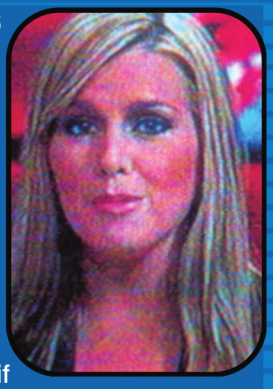
(Note: All figures are estimated 2006 earnings.)

Sign of the Times

IT IS IF YOU HIT YOURSELF IN THE NUTS with a rake handle. Thanks to R.S. of Fargo, North Dakota, for providing this shot.

Have you seen a funny sign? Snap a photo and mail it off to HUSTLER, "Sign of the Times," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If we print the picture, we'll send you a signed check for a hundred bucks.

NEWS BABES



THIS MONTH'S PICK IS MORGAN FOGARTY, a Fox News anchor in Charlotte, North Carolina. And get this: The towering temptress can be viewed nightly on cable's Channel 69! Thanks to J.C. for submitting this awesome talking head.

To nominate a local or network newscaster, send her full name, station and channel (include a picture if possible) to HUSTLER, "News Babes," c/o *Bits & Pieces*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. If your pick is aired here, you'll win a HUSTLER Prize Pack.

NEWSBITES

Dicked-Over Divorcé

Here is a follow-up to a May '07 "Newsbites" item about a Florida resident who was fighting to not pay alimony to his former wife. The reason: Following the divorce, the Mrs. underwent a sex change! Well, even though his ex is now a man, the husband was ordered by a judge to fork over $1,250 a month in alimony. Yes, we feel for the poor guy, but have to say that paying cash to a dude does make you kind of gay.

Sex & Syrup

A church in Morton, Illinois, hosted a breakfast called "Porn and Pancakes" to assess the impact of pornography on the Christian community. However, we're not sure if the organizers of the event were for or against sexually oriented material. We do know that with 250 men gathered to eat hot links and flapjacks while watching and discussing porn, you should avoid the "melted butter."

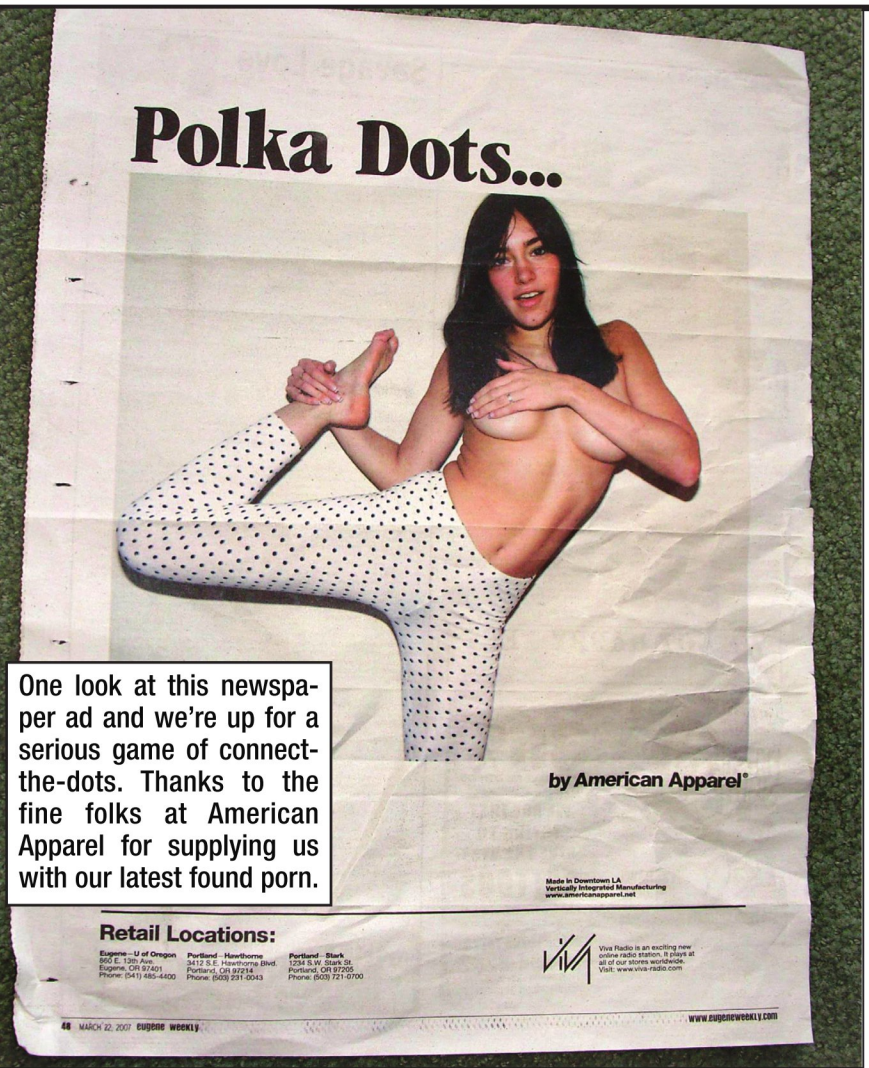
Finger Food

Germany is known around the world for its chocolaty treats, many of which include special surprise fillings. Take a 28-year-old man who bit into a chocolate whole-nut bar. Unfortunately, his surprise was neither nougat nor caramel, but rather a human finger. Forensics experts confirmed that the digit became an ingredient during processing and are trying to identify whose it was. We can only imagine a rival candy company changing its slogan to: "Nobody better leave a finger in my Butterfinger!"

Diamond Dogs

To some, having a pet die is like losing a family member. After the inevitable grieving, there's the matter of what to do with the deceased animal's remains. Well, if you're willing to ship the corpse to England and pay between 4,000 and 30,000 bucks (depending on the size of the critter and the desired stone), you can have the ashes pressed into a diamond. We guess it makes sense that man's best friend can be transformed into a girl's best friend.

SOFT-CORE PORN OF THE MONTH



One look at this newspaper ad and we're up for a serious game of connect-the-dots. Thanks to the fine folks at American Apparel for supplying us with our latest found porn.

"When authorities warn you of the sinfulness of sex, there is an important lesson to be learned. Do not have sex with authorities." —MATT GROENING, THE SIMPSONS' CREATOR

PHOTOS BY RICH STEPHENS

Spelling bee loser Lori Lust

Tower of Tera

Puma Suede

Lux Cassidy

ADULT BEHAVIOR

WHAT BEATS SPENDING 45 MINUTES waiting in line (with dozens of 300-pound dudes who smell like bacon) to meet your favorite porn star and get her autograph? Absolutely nothing. That's why a throng of admirers descended on L.A.'s recent AdultCon expo, where Tera Patrick, Lori Lust, Lux Cassidy, Puma Suede and other XXX darlings held court. Did we mention those John Hancocks sold for up to 50 bucks a pop?

HUSTLER
Club Girl #4

BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND, this mini-feature showcases some of the smoking-hot ladies on display at our worldwide chain of nightclubs. Now meet beautiful Danielle, who works the brass pole at Larry Flynt's HUSTLER Club in Cleveland. When not stripping down for a rapt audience, the sexy single enjoys art, reading and photography. If you find yourself in northern Ohio, make sure to stop in and say hello to Danielle and her sidekicks.

"Sex is 50 percent what you've got and 50 percent what people think you've got." —SOPHIA LOREN, ACTRESS

Chat With
REAL GIRLS NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

HEAVEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARK LIT

CELESTE STAR

LY BODY

It's hard to believe that **Celeste Star** has racked up over 60 XXX flicks during her brief, meteoric career. "Has it really been that many?" she chirps. "I guess when you love what you do, you don't notice. I love being in porn. What other job can you have where you get paid *and* get laid?"

Actually, **Celeste** didn't waste any time entering the wonderful world of adult entertainment. "When I turned 18, I needed a way to make a living," the uninhibited cutie recalls, "and an opportunity to pose nude came up. Then one thing led to another."

Now all of 21, **Celeste** leads us behind closed doors. "My personal sex life is a lot like my film work," she confides. "It's full of variety. I love to be with guys (and sometimes girls) who know how to enjoy sex. There is nothing better than being able to give pleasure and get pleasure in return. I love oral. If a man knows what to do with his tongue, I'll gladly wrap my mouth around his cock."

Of course, getting hot and heavy for an audience has its rewards. "I work really hard at what I do and am starting to make a name for myself in porn," **Celeste** proudly points out. "That is great because now it's so easy to get good roles in films and make some serious cash." Not to mention fame. "Guys are starting to recognize me in public. I've had a lot of them come up and say, 'I love your work.' That's cool, and it's a sign that I must be doing something right."

CELESTE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Pomona, California
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Capricorn
HEIGHT: 5-7
WEIGHT: 112
MEASUREMENTS: 34C-25-36

See heavenly Celeste Star do it right in *Masturbation Mania*, *Barely Legal: Innocence* and *Dance on Fire* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.
BARELY LEGAL
Virgin Cheek

DIVORCING DESPAIR

There he was, mowing my lawn without a shirt on, his sculpted arms and pecs glistening under the hot summer sun. There I was, at the kitchen window, watching the young Adonis, practically drooling into a sinkful of dishes.

James had finally turned 18 last Wednesday. I know because I'm his mother's best friend. They've lived down the street for about a year now, and I'd been waiting for this day ever since.

I know it's cliché—a divorced, soon-to-be-fortysomething suburban blonde lusting after a barely legal boy. But clichés get to be clichés for a reason. I needed to feel attractive again. I was lonely, plus I was horny as fuck.

In my mind, James was already in my bed. I was giving him the very first blowjob of his young life—licking the ridge around his dick cap and tongue-slapping his nut sac. The boy I imagined was big, eager, hard—like only a boy can be. It was finally time to find out if I could turn my little fantasy into reality.

Calling James inside, I offered him an icy-cold brew to celebrate his birthday. Of course, I wasn't wearing much, just tiny jean shorts and a tight white T-shirt over the best tits money can buy. I joined the boy for a beer and casually rubbed the wet glass over my chest. The nipples popped right out. So did his eyes.

Next I spilled a little beer on the kitchen floor and bent over to wipe it up, my ass pointed right at his bulge. I guess I expected James to sputter and blush like the virgin I thought he was. Instead, the young buck surprised me. Strong hands gripped my hips, and a raging hard-on brushed my inner thigh.

Apparently, James had a fantasy of his own to fulfill. "I think about you every night, ma'am," he said. I stood up, but he quickly had me bent over the countertop again. "While I'm lying in bed at night, jacking my big cock, I think about smothering my face in your beautiful titties and sucking on your nipples. And I wonder what your pussy tastes like and what it feels like."

Oh, yeah! I started wriggling, working my shorts over my hips. James slipped to the floor and finished the job.

He was eager, all right, but surprisingly confident and aggressive—not at all what I'd expected from an 18-year-old. It was like he'd been planning this out, step by step. He tongue-teased that sensitive spot behind each kneecap before lapping a trail up to my snatch. He only skirted it though, circling my labes momentarily before tonguing a line over my starfish and up and down my ass crack. I was so damn wet. It had been ages since I'd had sex.

"Enough, dammit!" I yelled. "James, push your tongue or your cock—something—right fuckin' now!"

He immediately stood up, then flipped me over on the countertop. Spreading my flaps wide, he pressed his fat, pink crown to my conch and slowly, inch by inch, pushed his cock inside balls-deep. This whippersnapper didn't need to be taught a damn thing!

James moved over me till he was at exactly the right angle for his pubic bone to pressure my clit, and he started pumping—long, slow lunges while he nursed greedily on my titty buds. The kid was driving me crazy. Only 18, he was already a better fuck than my ex-husband!

Gradually, James picked up speed until he was jamming his crowbar into my quim, making these little grunts every time he lunged. A warmth radiated from my tingling clit. I was right on the edge. Slipping his strong hands beneath my buttocks, James held me tight, buried his face in my cleavage and came. And I came with him, a total-body climax that rocketed me to another planet!

When I fell back to earth, James proceeded to eat me out, lapping up his own spunk and my pussy jizz. Wow! I'd never even had a man my own age do that. To top it off, the stud's huge pecker remained granite hard. I'd never had a man my own age do that either!

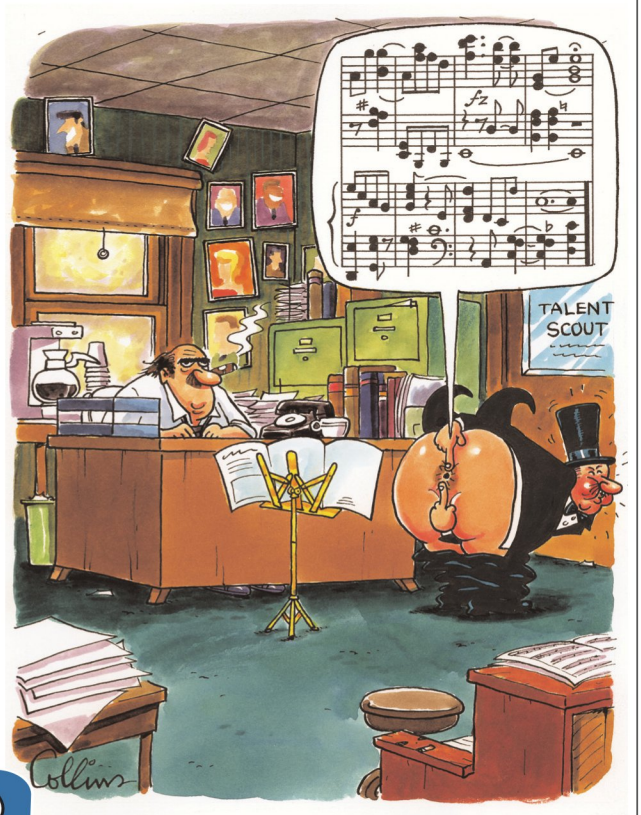
We fucked one more time. Then James left, but not before telling me when he'd be back. He said I should be waiting in bed, naked. I am. —M. V.

SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA

"Ward, don't you think you were a little hard on the beaver?!"

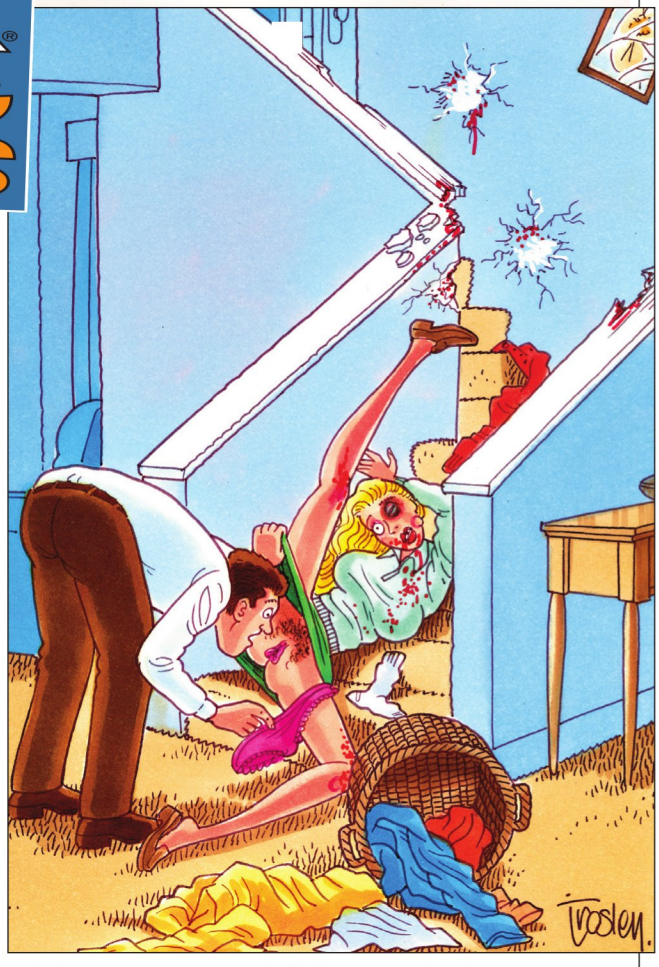
Send your personal sexperiences to HUSTLER *Hot Letters*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

"Dammit, Darla! *Must* you scream like that when you come?!"

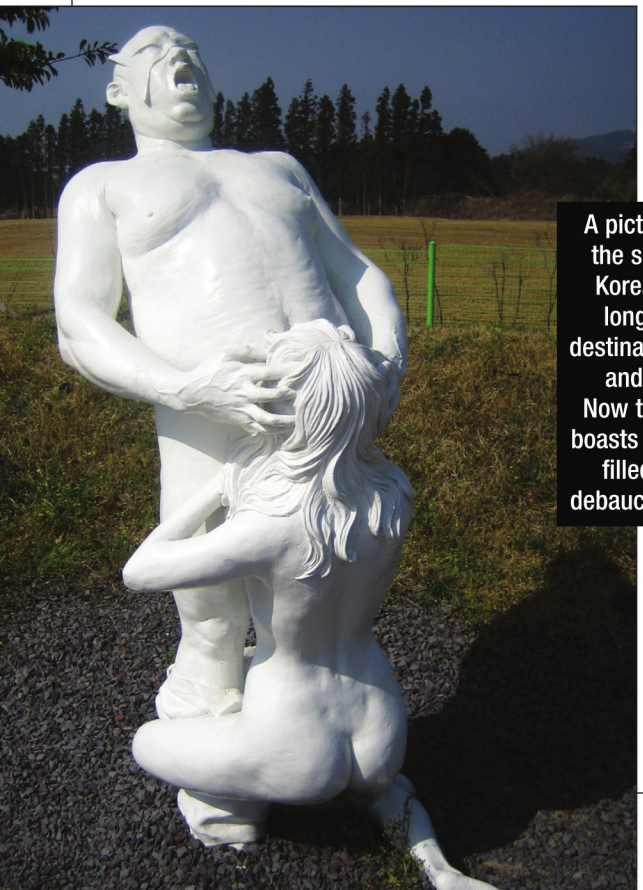


HUSTLER® CLASSIC CARTOONS

"So how long have you felt you were Rush Limbaugh?!"



"That was a nasty fall, honey. Thank God you didn't hurt it!"



A picturesque island off the southern tip of the Korean Peninsula has long been a popular destination for vacationers and honeymooners. Now the lush landscape boasts a magical kingdom filled with immense, debaucherous inhabitants.

BY KEITH VALCOURT

DISNEYLAND *It's Not*

STEP INSIDE KOREA'S MOST TITILLATING TOURIST TRAP.

PHOTOS BY TRENT

IF YOUR DREAM VACATION INVOLVES TRAVELING to a foreign land to frolic in a garden packed with nude statues and sculptures—many depicting graphic sex—we have just the place for you. Book a flight, pack your bags and head to South Korea's enchanting Jeju Island, where Jeju Loveland awaits. Featuring about 170 provocative works of art and exhibits, with that number steadily growing, this one-of-a-kind museum and erotic theme park is guaranteed to "instigate your sexual imagination."

Jeju Loveland is the brainchild of Jung Ansoo, an art professor at Hongik University in Seoul. Wanting to break the traditional taboos surrounding sex in a culture that is normally considered prudish and not known for its candor and openness, the professor chose 20 of his master students for a daunting assignment: creating a multitude of grandiose works expressing the pursuit of human sexual pleasure. These are now an integral part of the mind-boggling attraction.

The admission price is 7,000 Korean won, but don't get bent out of shape. That's only $7 in American greenbacks. Visitors are encouraged to set aside at least 45 minutes in order to see the spectacle, which encompasses approximately 10,000 square feet. We suggest you spend a whole day…and evening! After all, Jeju Loveland's doors are open from 9 a.m. until midnight, seven days a week.

If North Korea's "Dear Leader" Kim Jong-il dropped by to marvel at all the lurid erotica, maybe his Communist nation would cease being part of Bush's "Axis of Evil."

For additional information, check out **JejuLoveLand.com**.

IMUS IN THE MOURNING

PUBLISHER **LARRY FLYNT** KICKS OFF OUR FREE-SPEECH SERIES

Taking the moral high ground, Don Imus's most vocal critic—Al Sharpton—invites the shock jock to his own radio show for a testy exchange.

IN THE WAKE OF DON IMUS'S THREE LITTLE WORDS—*nappy-headed hos*—the hypocrites have come flying out of the woodwork. Leading the way are Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton, both of whom wasted no time in calling for the firing of the CBS and MSNBC talk-show host, whose jab at the Rutgers University women's basketball team caused an instant furor. But by what measure are these two gentlemen pillars of moral rectitude?

Jesse Jackson, the father of an illegitimate child and an alleged womanizer, made a faux pas embarrassingly similar to Imus's in 1984 when he referred to New York City as "Hymietown." Back in 1987, Sharpton—always eager to rush to judgment—was successfully sued for defamation after he accused Steven Pagones—an assistant district attorney in Dutchess County, New York—of

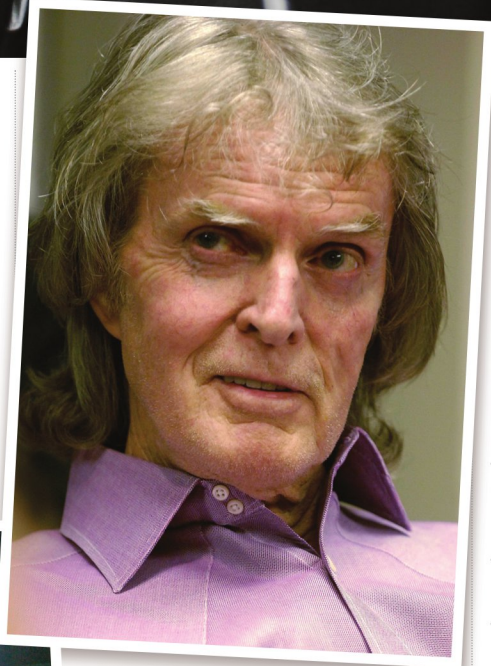
HUSTLER Looks at Free Speech: PART 1

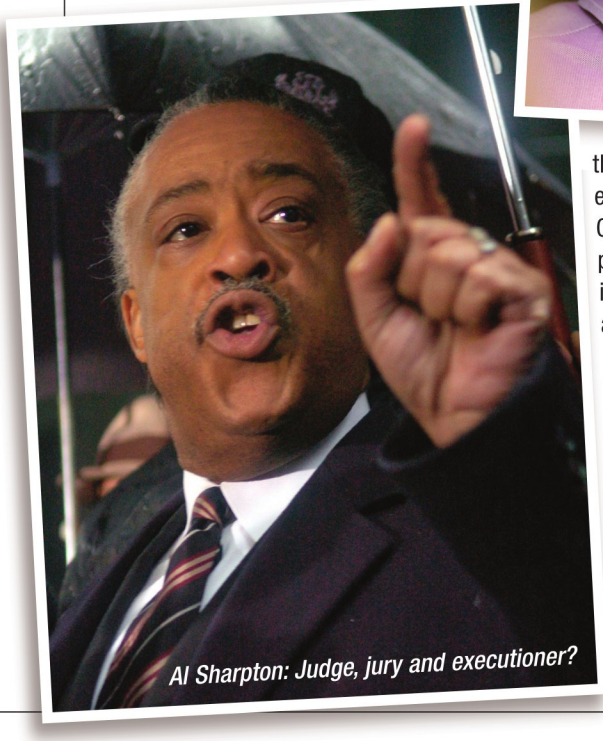
Jesse Jackson offers his two cents' worth.

involvement in the abduction and rape of Tawana Brawley.

Then, just last year, Jackson and Sharpton damned the Duke University lacrosse players who had been falsely—it is now revealed—accused of rape. Neither Jackson nor Sharpton has issued apologies.

As for Imus, I am not his biggest fan, but it must be said that he performed a high-wire act three hours a day, five days a week, live and without the ability to edit his words. This was an especially precarious task because of Imus's edgy on-air persona, which his corporate benefactors must have encouraged as





Al Sharpton: Judge, jury and executioner?

they cashed the fat checks he generated for them. Does anyone believe that CBS and MSNBC would have pulled the plug on Imus if the sponsors—responding to the media feeding frenzy—hadn't abandoned the show?

Although tasteless, what Imus said was hardly hate speech. (I should know; I've made a living being tasteless.) For true hate speech you'd have to go to CNN's Glenn Beck, who demanded Muslim Congressman Keith Ellison prove he's "not working for our enemies." Or syndicated radio host Michael Savage, who not only called a transgender murder victim a "psychopath" and a "freak," but also said Wolf Blitzer (who is Jewish) was "the type that would stick Jewish children into a gas chamber to stay alive another day."

Then there's Rush Limbaugh, who claimed that women "actually wish" for sexual harassment and who once told a black caller, "Take that bone out of your nose and call me back!" For his part, Fox's Bill O'Reilly has repeatedly referred to Muslims as "savages," while syndicated radio talk-show host Neil Boortz remarked that then-Congresswoman Cynthia McKinney "looks like a ghetto slut." And that's just the tip of the iceberg.

Nonetheless, I am not calling for anyone's censorship: The First Amendment is not here to protect popular speech; it is here to defend people like O'Reilly, Imus and—not to put too fine a point on it—myself. To quote Edward R. Murrow, "We are not descended from fearful men." Our country was founded by radical revolutionaries who were not afraid of dissenting points of view or offensive speech.

The question you have to ask yourself is, if the speech police can censor Imus today, who will they silence tomorrow? Does this open the door to an inquisition? Jerry Quickley of KPFK (Pacifica Radio's L.A. station) and syndicated radio host Stephanie Miller regularly mock and belittle George W. Bush. What's to prevent right-wingers from condemning their barbs as hate speech?

This year is the 60th anniversary of the Hollywood Blacklist. The way to ensure that there will never be another witch-hunt against people exercising their right to express unpopular opinions is to not censor anybody.

AFTER DON IMUS:

THE WA
FREE S

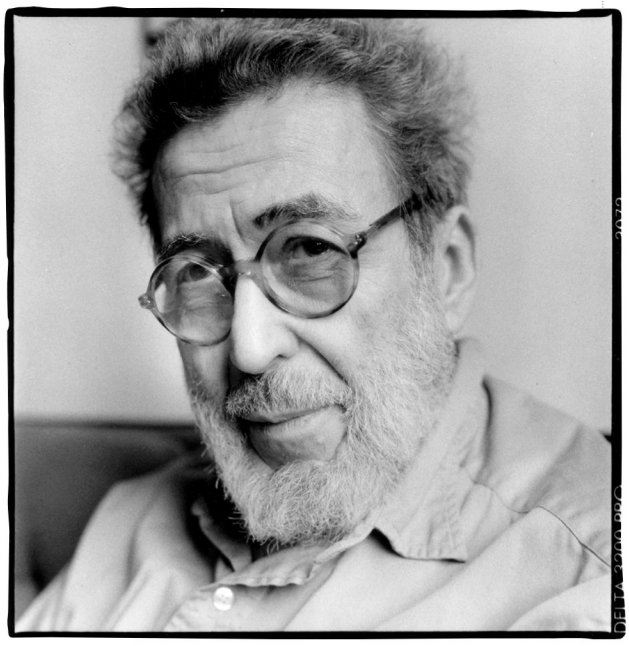
BY NAT HENTOFF

If there is any principle of the Constitution that more imperatively calls for attachment than any other, it is the principle of free thought—not free thought for those who agree with us, but freedom for the thought we hate.
—Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

If large numbers of people are interested in freedom of speech, there will be freedom of speech, even if the law forbids it. But if public opinion is sluggish, inconvenient minorities will be persecuted, even if laws exist to protect them. ***—George Orwell***

WITHIN DAYS OF THE WHACKING OF DON IMUS (a National Broadcasters Hall of Fame member) by the speech police—including the National Association of Black Journalists, as well as gay and lesbian groups and much of the mainstream media, with the Reverend Al Sharpton leading the way—the censorship virus began to spread.

Radio stations in New York and other cities decided to ban certain hip-hop recordings. And Sharpton, the self-proclaimed commander in chief of the thought police, enlisted the Federal Communications Commission to crack down on other radio and television broadcasters. "There's going to be accountability now!" Sharpton pledged.



Already there was talk in Congress of extending the FCC's and other government agencies' supervision over the currently uncensored speech on cable television and the Internet.

A strong warning came from Charles C. Haynes, the First Amendment Center's authority on freedom of religion and a graduate of Harvard Divinity School. While Haynes agrees that Imus has been "occasionally offensive," he emphasizes that "the only thing worse than an uncivil society is a society where government legislates what is civil."

Technically, the termination of the I-Man did not begin as a First Amendment issue because no agency of the government was involved. CBS Radio and television network MSNBC are private organizations—as are the frightened sponsors that hastily abandoned Imus. But now the FCC and Congress are going to be involved in heightening the already-deepening dangers—governmental and private—to free expression.

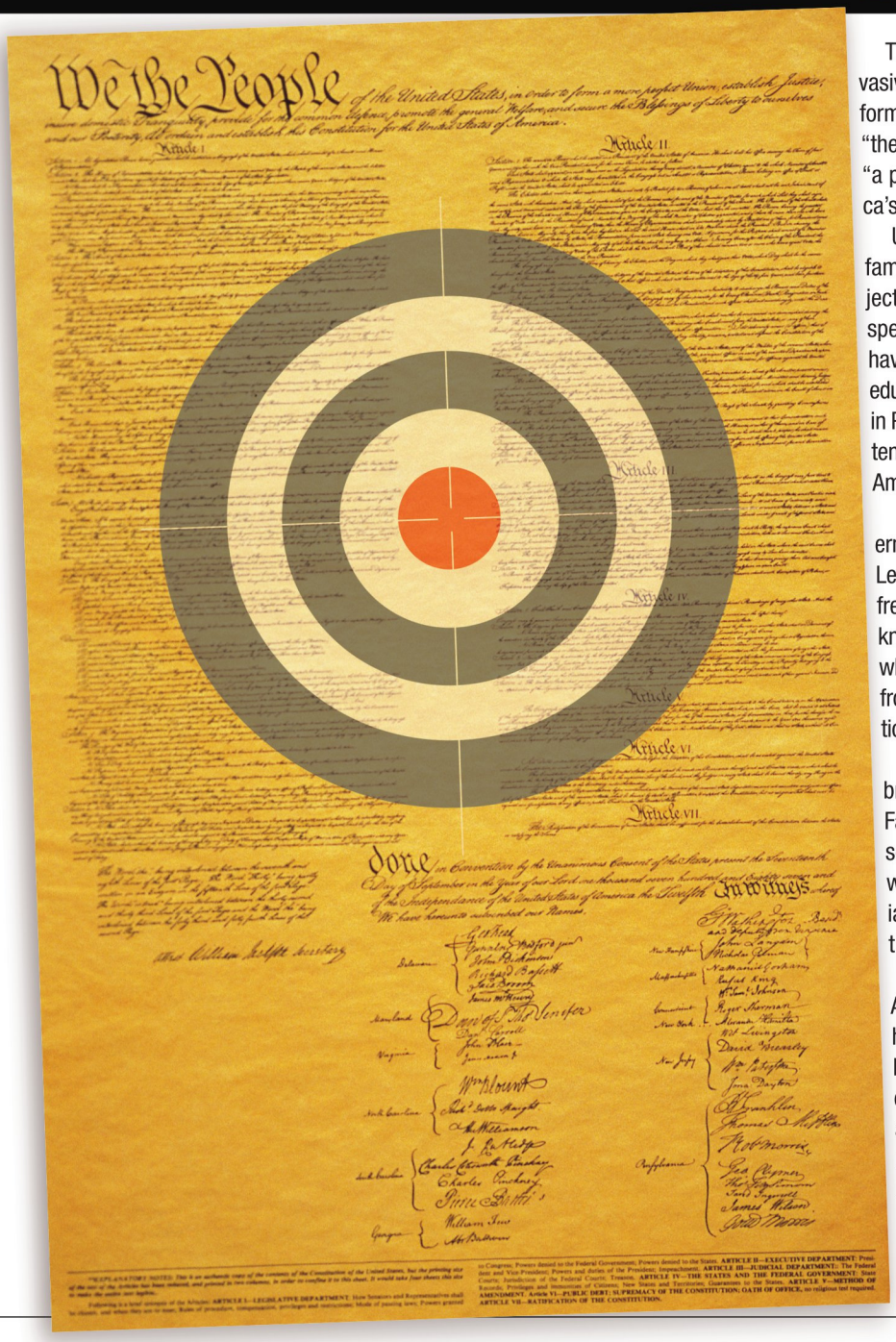
In American history no administration has been as hostile to civil liberties and as punitively secret as George W. Bush's—with its ever-increasing surveillance technology and databasing of extensive confidential information of "persons of interest" in purported connection with terrorism.

For one of countless chilling illustrations of how the government's war on the Bill of Rights has eroded free speech, two citizens—Alex Young and Leslie Weise—were ejected from the President's speech in Denver because an antiwar bumper sticker was affixed to their car. Although Young and Weise had done nothing disruptive, they were removed—and quite likely databased—because by having different views from Mr. Bush, they could have "eventually been disruptive." (*New York Times*, April 15, 2007.)

In addition to the National Security Agency's and the FBI's ceaseless surveillances—without any judicial review—of millions of us, the government is even violating the privacy of our DNA. As Sheldon Krimsky, a visiting scholar at Columbia University, notes, the administration is arguing in the courts that "DNA from discarded cigarettes, drinking cups and so on [are] abandoned property" and can be harvested by the FBI and other intelligence agencies.

AR ON PEECH

HUSTLER Looks at Free Speech: PART 2


We the People
of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish Justice,
Article I
Article II
Article III
Article IV
Article V
Article VI
Article VII
done in Convention by the unanimous Consent of the States present the Seventeenth
Day of September in the Year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and Eighty seven and
of the Independance of the United States of America the Twelfth
In Witness
Attest William Jackson Secretary

The purging of speech and expression following the pervasively reported dismissal of Don Imus has added to what former National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski called "the culture of fear" created by "the war on terror"—with "a pernicious impact on American democracy [and] America's psyche." (*Washington Post*, March 25, 2007.)

Understandably shaken by his precipitous fall from fame and fortune, Imus engaged in serial, sometimes abject, apologizing—even making a penitential journey to speech-enforcer Reverend Sharpton. Instead, Imus could have used this national "teaching moment"—in the lingo of educators—to remind Americans that the Constitution signed in Philadelphia in 1787 would not have gone into effect until ten amendments—the Bill of Rights, headed by the First Amendment, assuring free speech—were ratified in 1791.

In addition to the "culture of fear" cultivated by the government, most Americans—as shown in surveys and in Jay Leno's street interviews—don't know the fundamental freedoms in our founding documents that make us (if we know them at all) different from other societies. Moreover, what used to be called civics classes are largely absent from our public schools so that much of the next generation will also be ignorant of why they are Americans.

Imus and his relatively few supporters could have brought into the sulfurous conversation the Founding Father who wrote the First Amendment, James Madison—hardly a household name these days. Madison warned future Americans to remember that "the censorial power is in the people over the government, not in the government over the people."

And Don Imus should have reminded the National Association of Black Journalists, so quick to demand that he be silenced, that Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshall, an insistent defender of freedom of speech, once said that "our whole Constitutional heritage rebels at the thought of giving government the power to control men's minds." In the wake of the furor over Imus's clearly offensive but nonetheless free speech, there is more momentum now in Congress and in government agencies to control our minds by silencing our thoughts.

If only Imus had confronted the posse surrounding

him by asking his denouncers to find anywhere in the Constitution a mandate that Americans have "a Constitutional right not to be offended."

He could then have gone on to quote from a landmark Supreme Court decision written by William O. Douglas in the 1949 case, *Terminiello* v. *Chicago*. This was a fiery, classic case of how far and how deeply the roots of freedom of speech are embedded in the Constitution. Father Arthur W. Terminiello, a Catholic priest who had been suspended by his bishop, appeared at a crowded Chicago auditorium and delivered a speech attacking "atheists, Communists, Zionist Jews, Negroes, the Roosevelt Administration" and other targets in similar inflammatory language.

In addition to the 800 people in the auditorium, outside were 1,500 protesters decrying the infuriating priest's bigotry. Justice Robert Jackson, who felt strongly that the First Amendment did not protect Terminiello, wrote of "the surging, howling mob [outside] hurling epithets at those who would enter and tried to tear their clothes off." And one of the priest's supporters inside the auditorium said: "Yes, the Jews are all killers, murderers. If we don't kill them first, they will kill us."

But Terminiello only uttered his awful bigotry. He did not urge either his followers or attackers to break windows or throw brickbats—as, according to the lower court record, happened during the speech. Nor did he tell anyone to kill Jews. He did not address his vilification to any specific Jews or blacks or urge an attack on any specific Jews or blacks.

As the Supreme Court later held in the 1969 *Brandenburg* v. *Ohio* case, under the Constitutional guarantees of free press and speech, you can advocate violence or breaking the law, so long as it is only advocacy (speech)—and "is not directed to inciting or producing *imminent* lawless action."

Back in 1949, Terminiello didn't even advocate any of the violence that accompanied his speech. Therefore, writing for the Supreme Court's majority in *Terminiello* v. *Chicago*, Justice William O. Douglas ruled (and Don Imus should have quoted):

"A function of free speech under our system of government is to *invite dispute*. It may indeed best serve its high purpose when it induces a condition of unrest, creates dissatisfaction with conditions as they are, or even stirs people to anger. Speech is often provocative and challenging. It may *strike at prejudices and preconceptions and have profound unsettling effects as it presses for acceptance of an idea*." (Author's emphasis.)

In a decision that many, maybe most, Americans have never heard of, Douglas continued: "That is why freedom of speech, though not absolute, is nevertheless protected against censorship or punishment, unless shown likely to produce a clear and present danger of a serious substantive evil that rises far above public inconvenience, annoyance or unrest.…

"There is no room under our Constitution for a more restrictive view. For the alternative would lead to standardization of ideas either by legislatures, courts or dominant political or community groups."

Moreover, if Douglas were alive today and still on the Supreme Court, he would vigorously oppose the huge fines that Congress and the FCC have imposed on broadcast stations for programming "obscenity." Concerning "obscenity" and, for that matter, Don Imus's references to "nappy-headed hos," Douglas wrote:

"The standard of what offends 'the common conscience of the community' conflicts, in my judgment, with the command of the First Amendment. Any test that turns on what is offensive to the community's standards is too loose, too capricious, too destructive of freedom of expression to be squared with the First Amendment."

And, with all the post-Imus momentum to destroy speech that goes against a range of "community standards," what William O. Douglas emphasized is very much worth remembering for future battles on free expression:

"Under the test [of community standards], juries [and government agencies, media and sponsors] can censor, suppress and punish what they don't like…. *If the First Amendment guarantee of freedom of speech and press is to mean anything…it must allow protests against the moral code that the standard of the day sets for the community*." (Author's emphasis.)

Concerning the future of free expression in this country, it is very troubling that college "speech codes"—punishing students for anything they say that might offend any other students on the basis of race, gender, religious affiliation, sexual preferences or political views—are enforced on so many campuses.

In the First Amendment Center's April 4-15, 2007, "Legal Watch," Charles Haynes pointed out: According to the Foundation for Individual Rights in Education—a Philadelphia-based organization that defends students and professors across the entire political and ideological spectrum being punished for their expression—"73% of public universities maintain unconstitutional speech codes, despite numerous federal court decisions striking down similar policies."

Haynes added, "Overall, 68% of colleges and universities surveyed, including private institutions, have policies that restrict freedom of speech."

Considering how little time and serious attention are being given in elementary and secondary schools and colleges on why we have a Bill of Rights and how difficult it has been to preserve our individual liberties after some administrations have subverted freedom of speech, privacy and other basic American liberties, the continued presence of sharply restrictive speech codes on college campuses underlines the crucial importance of what Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson wrote for the Court in the landmark 1943 case *West Virginia Board of Education* v. *Barnette*:

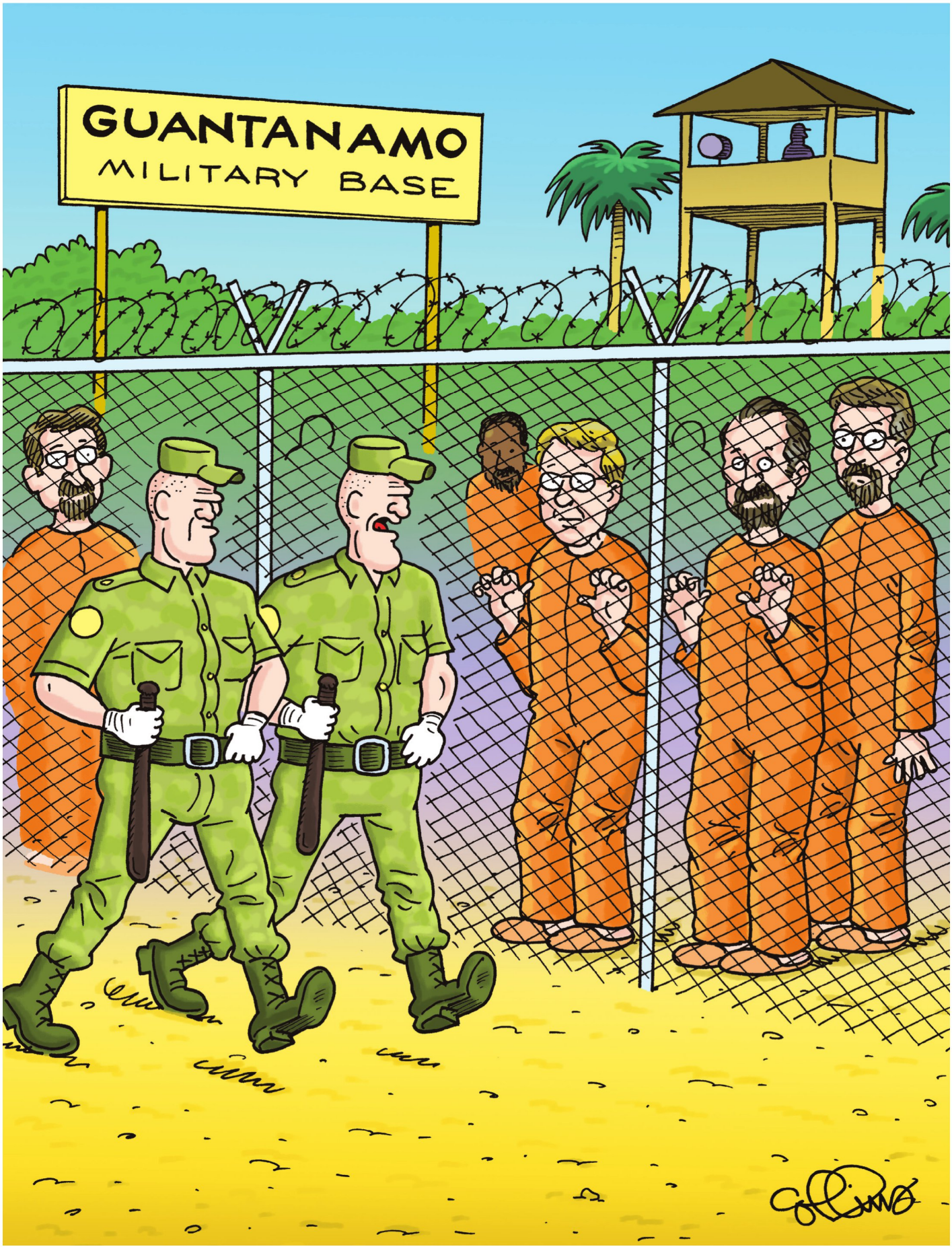
"Educating the young for citizenship is reason for scrupulous protection of Constitutional freedom of the individual, if we are not to strange the free mind at its source and teach youth to discount principles of our government as mere platitudes."

That case involved the children of Jehovah's Witnesses in West Virginia public schools who refused to stand and deliver the Pledge of Allegiance because their religion forbade "bowing down" to any "graven image." Those children were expelled from their schools—and their Jehovah's Witnesses parents were subject to criminal prosecution for complicity in their children's delinquency.

Sending the children back to school, Justice Jackson—who served *(continued on page 64)*

Amendment I

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.



"This is where we keep the liberal cartoonists."

JUDGE NOT, LEST YE BE JUDGED

PROUDLY PROCLAIMING HERSELF A "NAPPY-HEADED HO," **SUN KARMA** DEFENDS THE FIRST AMENDMENT.

WHAT'S NEW ABOUT THE DON IMUS CONTROVERSY? Nothing.

I am speaking as a black woman, as a nappy-headed, dreadlock-wearing ho. I am not offended—except at those who *are* offended.

What is new about the Imus controversy? Nothing. It was simply a matter of timing. For some reason, every three to four months the media find it necessary to detonate and explode a "racial" bomb just for the sake of it. Heck, it beats reading the latest on the Anna Nicole controversy—but it's about as worn out as a porn star's vagina. Last year it was Mel Gibson, Michael Richards and Isaiah Washington. So it was time someone new got burned at the stake.

HUSTLER Looks at Free Speech: PART 3

In 1988 Larry Flynt won a free speech case before the U.S. Supreme Court, allowing him (and everyone else) to talk about, criticize and lampoon public figures. The Imus issue is no different.

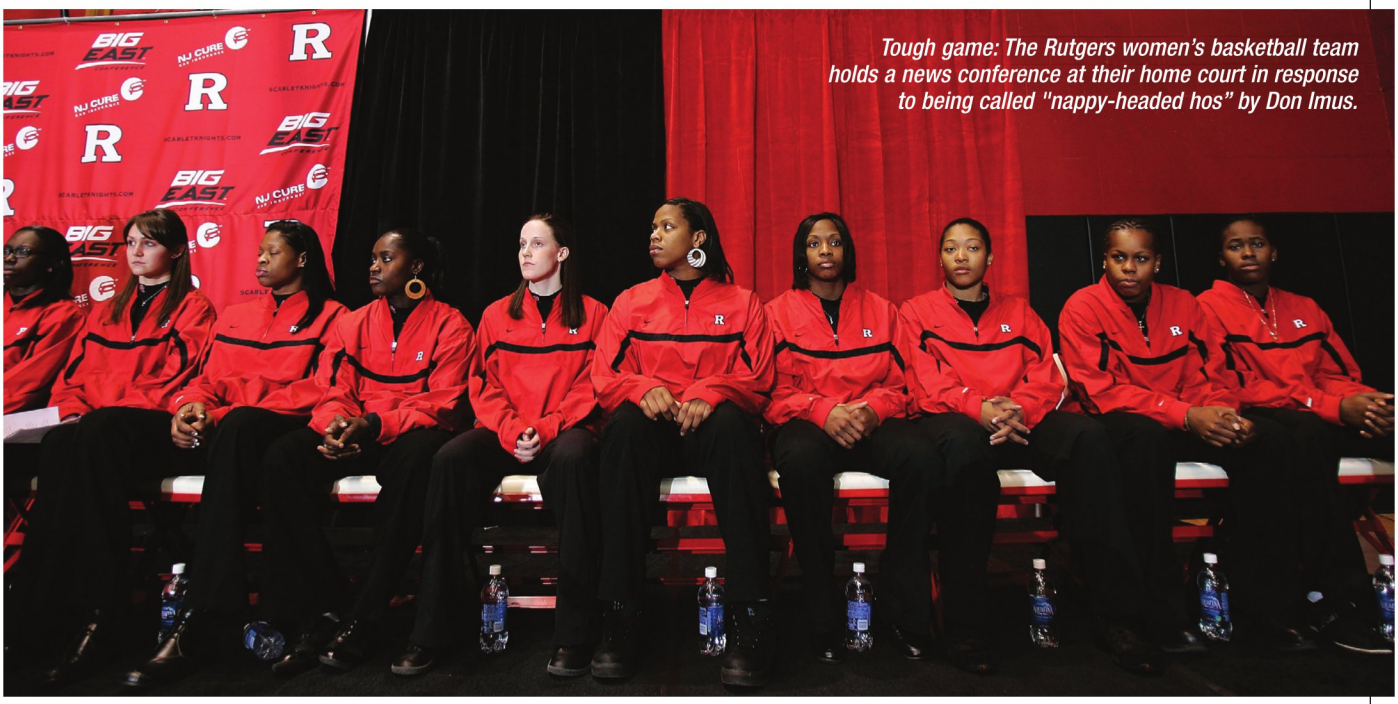
Although some would say that the First Amendment does not permit an open display of ignorance, fears and sheer bigotry—or willful intent to demean another human being—I beg to differ. Free speech is *freedom* of speech, not the freedom to act on what is spoken. This includes the Ku Klux Klan's right to exist and practice, as long as the KKK does not incite actions that will infringe on my inalienable rights. If it does, I'll then assert my Second Amendment right to bear arms!

If Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson *really* want to help African Americans solve problems, they shouldn't jump on the media bandwagon for their additional, overextended 15 minutes of fame. Tackle the issues out there that truly need solving: drugs, black-on-black crime, etc. Stop creating media hype and do something constructive!

But Sharpon and Jackson *are* media-hyping. These two charlatans are in the business of lying to the public and pulling the wool over their flocks' eyes.

Who nominated these people as leaders? Who elected them emperors of the black race, anyway? Certainly not the X and Y generations! I guess America felt the need to designate an HNIC (Head Nigger in Charge). I suppose the conventional wisdom is that if Sharpton and Jackson think this way, then all black people must. That thought itself is racist—and wrong, wrong, wrong! I do not think this way, and I never will.

On the subject of Imus—neither Sharpton nor Jackson have room to talk. Al Sharpton has a virtual cemetery in his closet. The Tawana Brawley case in 1987 should have brought the "Reverend" Sharpton to his knees, begging for forgiveness from the public. Sharpton and his attorneys—Alton H. Maddox and C. Vernon Mason—handled



Tough game: The Rutgers women's basketball team holds a news conference at their home court in response to being called "nappy-headed hos" by Don Imus.

Brawley's PR reign of terror, and the case took on an explosive edge. The race card was played, then trumped, as Sharpton accused Dutchess County (New York) Assistant District Attorney Steve Pagones of being a "racist and rapist," among other things. Pagones sued back, winning $345,000 in 1998 for defamation of character. The jury found Sharpton liable for making seven defamatory statements about Pagones, despite the fact that the Rev had asserted on 33 occasions that Pagones had "kidnapped, abused and raped" Brawley. (A grand jury investigation had concluded in late 1988 that Brawley "was not the victim of forcible sexual assault" and that the entire episode was a hoax.)

In 2002 an AP reporter asked Sharpton to apologize. "Apologize for what?" Reverend Al asked. In March 2003 he told the *Washington Post*: "I was her spokesperson—I cannot turn around what I said I believed."

Furthermore, in 2002 the HBO show *Real Sports With Bryant Gumbel* aired a 1983 FBI videotape in which Sharpton is seen talking about laundering drug money with former mobster Michael Franzese—a Mafioso-turned-undercover FBI informant posing as a cocaine dealer. (No indictments were issued, and the sting operation was never completed.) Claiming he was defamed, Sharpton promptly sued HBO, demanding $1 billion in damages. HBO spokesman Ray Stallone described the suit as "so silly that it is unworthy of comment." Nothing has come of it.

But something much more significant has come up! Shortly after leading the charge against Imus, Sharpton himself was in the hot seat for making allegedly anti-Mormon remarks aimed at GOP Presidential candidate Mitt Romney.

So how about an apology, "Reverend" Sharpton? I *demand* an apology on behalf of the black race that elected you emperor. (If a select few can designate these idiots emperors of the black race, I am now naming myself spokesperson of my generation!) You *cannot* demand that Don Imus do something you won't.

Jesse Jackson *knows* racism and racist remarks—or does he? During his 1984 Presidential campaign, Jackson referred to New York City as "Hymietown" in off-the-record conversations with reporters. When he was initially called out for this anti-Semitic remark, Jackson flatly denied having ever said it. Milton Coleman, an African-American *Washington Post* reporter, insisted Jackson had used the expression, and the Reverend later admitted he had indeed said "Hymietown."

Jackson tried to defend himself by claiming he did not know that "Hymietown" was an anti-Semitic slur. But what kind of a civil rights leader doesn't know what is and isn't a racist expression?

And what about the good reverend's out-of-wedlock daughter? In 2001 it was revealed that Jackson—married since 1962 to Jacqueline Lavinia Davis, the mother of five children with him—had fathered an illegitimate child (Ashley) with Karin Stanford, the former head of the preacher's Rainbow/PUSH Coalition. (You sure were PUSHing something, Jesse—but it sure wasn't equality and civil rights!) *(continued on page 106)*

IMUS
AFTER DARK
NAPPY
HEADED
HO
Crosley

Left to Right: Rev. James Lawson, Tyne Daley, Mike Farrell, Martin Sheen, James Cromwell at a 2003 antiwar march in Hollywood.

DIXIE CHICKING

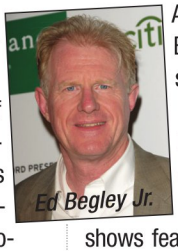
FEATURES EDITOR **ED RAMPELL** EXPOSES POST-9/11 BLACKLISTING.

A PRICE TO BE PAID

Civil rights and feminist forces drove Don Imus off the air for racially and sexually insensitive remarks, but since 9/11 most punishment for unpopular speech has targeted dissenters challenging the "you're with us or against us" Bush Administration. In politics, the Plamegate/CIA leak scandal, promulgated by administration forces, pilloried Joe and Valerie Wilson. In academia, dissident professors Ward Churchill, Norman Finkelstein and Sami Al-Arian were vilified. More than almost any other group, Bushworld's slings and arrows of outrageous misfortune have been hurled against progressive talents.

The Hollywood Blacklist, which marks its 60th anniversary this year, was instituted when the House Un-American Activities Committee imprisoned radical filmmakers, and Tinseltown studios banned hundreds of suspected leftists from movie work during the "Red Scare." Unlike their Cold War predecessors, today's actors have not (yet) been forced to testify before Congress during Bush's War on Terror. Yet antiwar advocate Mike Farrell of *M*A*S*H* insists: "There's a price to be paid for speaking out…and some have paid a fairly serious price."

Sean Penn stated, "We are encouraged to self-censor any words…perceived as inflammatory—if our belief is that this war should stop today."

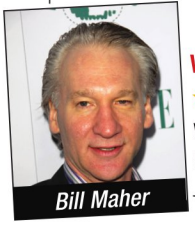

Ed Begley Jr.

Top, below left and bottom right photos by Ed Rampell

Robert Greenwald

The 21st-century backlash against and blacklisting of dissenters is called "Dixie Chicking." It is aimed at prominent talents who publicly oppose George W. Bush, attacks on civil liberties and especially the Iraq War. Producer/director Robert Greenwald, who with Farrell cofounded Artists United to Win Without War, revealed: "'Terrorists,' 'traitors,' 'scum,' 'I know where you live, and I'm coming to get you'—those were a few of the nicer things thrown at Artists United when we were organizing and trying to stop the insanity in the move towards war. The threats were organized; they clearly started at a certain point when we started to become effective."

The following is a comprehensive list of the Dixie Chicked.


Bill Maher

WATCH WHAT YOU SAY

★Like truth itself, comic **Bill Maher** was an early casualty of war. Discussing the 9/11 skyjackers on the September 17, 2001, episode of ABC's *Politically Incorrect*, host Maher stated: "We have been the cowards lobbing cruise missiles from 2,000 miles away. That's cowardly. Staying in the airplane when it hits the building…it's not cowardly. Stupid maybe, but not cowardly." Maher's remarks prompted Bush's then-spokesman Ari Fleischer to warn: "Watch what you say." Disney-owned ABC canceled Maher's show in June 2002.

★In February 2003, **Sean Penn** sued producer Steve Bing for $10 million for allegedly firing the actor from a film because of Penn's 2002 open letter to Bush (printed as an antiwar ad in the *Washington Post*) and trip to Baghdad. Bing countersued.

Natalie Maines

★The Dixie Chicks' **Natalie Maines** told British fans at a March 10, 2003, concert: "[W]e're ashamed that the President of the United States is from Texas." The Chicks, who were the top-selling all-girl group ever, went on to lose most of their airtime on country radio stations owned by Clear Channel and other corporations. Album and concert ticket sales plummeted. Egged on by reactionary bloggers and DJs, fanatics destroyed the group's CDs during "Dixie Chicks Destruction" events reminiscent of Nazi book-burnings. Dixie Chicks concerts were picketed by Redbaiters, who called the trio "traitors" and "Communists." A letter-writer threatened to shoot Maines at a Dallas performance. Bush stated: "They shouldn't have their feelings hurt just because some people don't want to buy their records."

★At a September 2003 fundraiser for Presidential candidate Dennis Kucinich, actor **Ed Begley Jr.** said: "There's a boycott list on the Internet for all the people who spoke out against the war, to write letters to studios telling them you don't want to see shows featuring **Jamie Cromwell**, **Ed Asner**, **Tim Robbins**…. **Janeane Garofalo** [took] a big hit. They've suffered financially, can't get work now. They've been blackballed. People don't want to hire them. … Janeane gets so much hate mail. … I didn't work from when that boycott list happened until just a few weeks ago. … I've never only worked three days in nine months since 1967." Reactionary Web sites, including Celiberal.com and Boycott-Hollywood.net, urged boycotts of activist actors.

★**David Clennon**, of the CBS show *The Agency*, was targeted for firing by a right-wing Internet group for supposedly comparing Bush's America to Nazi Germany.

★Conservatives tried impeaching "acting president" **Martin Sheen** from NBC's *The West Wing,* as well as Visa and American Express endorsements.

Martin Sheen

★Right-wingers lobbied MCI to drop **Danny Glover** as its spokesman.

★With the Iraq War looming, the peace sign **Amanda Bynes** flashed in ads for 2003's *What a Girl Wants* was excised.

Phil Donohue

★**Phil Donohue**'s liberal talk show was canceled on March 28, 2003, despite being MSNBC's highest-rated program (surpassing *Hardball*).

★**Madonna** self-censored her April 2003 "American Life" music video.

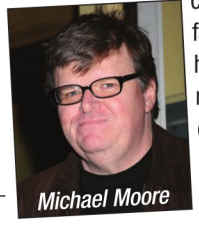
★On April 6, 2003, CBS fired **Ed Gernon**, producer of the miniseries *Hitler: The Rise of Evil*, after he told *TV Guide*: The story "basically boils down to an entire nation gripped by fear who ultimately chose to give up their civil rights and plunge the whole world into war. I can't think of a better time to examine this history than now." Rupert Murdoch's *New York Post* denounced this as "a sign of Hollywood's anti-Americanism." Fox News commentator and *Bush Country* author John Podhoretz called the docudrama "an act of slander against the President" in his *Post* column.

★Conservatives pressured CBS to edit and reschedule the less-than-laudatory miniseries *The Reagans* from its original November 2003 broadcast date to 2004 on the cable TV channel Showtime, which—like CBS—is owned by Viacom, but has far fewer viewers.

Susan Sarandon

★In 2003 the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, New York, canceled a 15th anniversary *Bull Durham* commemoration because of the antiwar politics of **Tim Robbins** and **Susan Sarandon,** two of the film's stars. On April 15, 2003, Robbins told Washington's National Press Club: "[A] history teacher tells [my] 11-year-old…nephew…[that] Sarandon is endangering the troops by her opposition to the war. Another teacher…asks our niece if we are coming to the school play. 'They're not welcome here,' said the molder of young minds. . . . A friend…listen[s] to the radio down South as the talk-radio host calls for the murder of a prominent antiwar activist. Death threats have appeared on other prominent antiwar activists' doorsteps. . . . And my 13-year-old boy…has recently been embarrassed and humiliated by a sadistic creep."

★After **Michael Moore** said, "Shame on you, Mr. Bush," at the 2003 Academy Awards ceremony, a right-wing "pro-family" group "published the home address of my house in rural Michigan," the filmmaker groused. "They published a photo of it. My home was vandalized. There have been attempts to do various things. Harvey and Bob [Weinstein] have to pay for 24/7 security for me. It's a rotten way to live." In 2004, Disney reneged on its distribution deal for Moore's *Fahrenheit 9/11*, momentarily leaving the Cannes Palme d'Or winner in limbo, until Lionsgate released the documentary.


Michael Moore

Linda Ronstadt

★After **Linda Ronstadt** praised *Fahrenheit 9/11* during a July 17, 2004, concert at Las Vegas's Aladdin casino, fans grew irate. The singer was escorted by security guards off the premises and banned from performing there.

★CBS producer **Mary Mapes** was fired, and **Dan Rather** eventually forced out, after their *60 Minutes II* election year report challenged Bush's Vietnam War record.

★The FCC fined stations airing **Howard Stern**'s radio show $2.5 million in 2004 after he made negative comments about Bush. The shock jock responded: "This is a follow-up to the McCarthy-type witch-hunt of the administration and the activities of this group of Presidential appointees in the FCC, led by 'Colin Powell Jr.' [FCC Chairman Michael Powell]. … They…are…imposing their opinions…to tell us all who and what we may listen to and watch and how we should think."

★On September 21, 2004, a Washington-bound passenger jet bearing British musician **Cat Stevens**—who'd converted to Islam decades before and rerecorded his "Peace Train" hit to protest the Iraq War—was diverted to Maine after authorities matched his name with a no-fly list. Homeland Security denied Stevens entry to the U.S.

Stephanie Miller

★In October 2006, right-winger Florian Sokolowski sent left-leaning talk-show host **Stephanie Miller** a letter declaring: "As with **Cindy Sheehan**, the best thing that could happen to you would be seeing some *wonderful* activist sticking an AK-47 up your Glory Holes and sending you into eternity." By early 2007, Columbus, Ohio's Clear Channel-owned WTPG-AM changed its liberal talk-show format, dropping a number of programs, including the nationally syndicated shows of Miller and **Ed Schultz**, even though the station had reportedly tripled its ratings. Miller, Schultz and Air America programs were replaced by right-wing fare hosted by Michael Savage and Laura Ingraham. Miller alleges, "There's a concerted effort to shut down progressive talk."

★The Interior Department and Republican Senators James Inhofe and Mitch McConnell blocked the U.S. portion of the anti-global warming **"Live Earth"** concert/telethon, scheduled for broadcast around the world, from taking place at Washington's National Mall. The July 7, 2007, environmental fundraiser was being co-presented by former Vice President **Al Gore**, whose climate-change documentary, *An Inconvenient Truth*, won an Oscar.

★Folk singer **Joan Baez**, who performed at many anti-Vietnam War rallies, was banned from taking part in John Cougar Mellencamp's April 27, 2007, concert for wounded troops at Walter Reed Hospital.

★On May 2, 2007, the U.S. Treasury Department notified **Michael Moore** that he was under investigation for allegedly violating the U.S. trade embargo's travel restrictions to Cuba by taking ailing 9/11 rescue workers for treatment there as part of his latest movie, *Sicko*, a documentary on healthcare. Moore said that he has stored a copy of *Sicko*, which premiered at the Cannes Film Festival, in "a safe house" abroad—in case U.S. authorities try to seize the film.

★On May 9, 2007, retired **Major General John Batiste**—former commander of the First Infantry Division in Iraq—appeared in an anti-war television ad and was quickly fired as a CBS News consultant.

Despite the prevalence of Dixie Chicking, courageous members of the creative community are—as the Dixie Chicks themselves put it—"Not Ready to Make Nice." Undaunted progressive artists continue to publicly proclaim the inconvenient truths that terrify the Bush Administration and its henchmen.

HUSTLER Features Editor Ed Rampell was named after Edward R. Murrow to honor the legendary CBS broadcaster's exposés of Senator Joe McCarthy. In 1989, Rampell won a pivotal court case that established a First Amendment precedent: Journalists may repeat allegations regarding public figures as long as they don't say the allegations are true. Rampell is the author of Progressive Hollywood: A People's Film History of the United States.

CAYTON

THINK PINK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

What makes a woman perfect? "I hate wearing clothes," confesses newcomer **Cayton**. "People are born naked, and I think that they really should spend most of their time in the nude. I hate having to leave the house, because it means I have to cover up my body. It just feels unnatural to do that. I guess that's why I prefer staying home with a hot guy."

What makes a woman perfect? "Pleasing a man," **Cayton** continues, "is the most important thing for me when it comes to sex. I love the look on a guy's face as I slowly start to kiss down his stomach and then wrap my lips around his hard cock. The sound a man makes when he comes in my mouth gets me wet. Of course, I want to climax too, but that is secondary to making the guy happy."

What makes a woman perfect? “During sex I like all positions,” the petulant pixie confides, “but my favorite has to be doggy-style. The pure animal aggression of getting fucked from behind unleashes the wild woman in me. I love it when a guy rams me good and hard, pulls my hair and yanks my head back.”

Damn, **Cayton**, you’re perfect!

CAYTON'S VITAL FACTS
HOMETOWN: Fort Lauderdale, Florida
AGE: 20
BIRTH SIGN: Virgo
HEIGHT: 5-0

SETH MacFARLANE

AN ANIMATED INTERVIEW

Seth MacFarlane—the creator of *Family Guy*, *American Dad* and the new live-action sitcom *The Winner*—sat down with *Bits & Pieces*/Music Editor Keith Valcourt to talk about what it is like to be the "King of Cartoons."

HUSTLER: Are you from Rhode Island, which you continually poke fun at?

SETH MacFARLANE: No, I'm from Connecticut, but I did go to the Rhode Island School of Design, and I got to know the city of Providence pretty well. It's sort of a mini-Boston where everyone talked with that funny accent, and it had so much character. I spent so much time there, I decided that was the place to make a home for *Family Guy*.

Why is the smallest state in the Union such a gold mine for material?

There are just lots of loudmouths—these big, fat loudmouths who are also big-hearted guys who will take a bullet for you. But some of the shit that comes out of the mouths of Rhode Island men is just hilarious.

Can you give us an example?

My grandfather was a die-hard New England man. One year I was going to Germany as an exchange student, and my grandfather, who was in World War II, said [*in Peter Griffin's voice*], "You know those Germans are real nice people when you meet them in civilian life, but you get them in uniform and holy shit!" That was his nutshell assessment of the whole culture.

Watching *Family Guy* is like viewing a tennis match on meth. It jumps all over the place. Do you have attention deficit disorder?

Believe it or not, I'm probably, attention-wise, the polar opposite of what the fans believe me to be. I'm enormously patient. I can sit and watch a two-hour black-and-white movie from the 1940s and be completely riveted the whole time.

Does the pacing of *Family Guy* reflect the American public's short attention span?

It's more that it felt right for the medium. If I were doing a live-action show, like my new show, *The Winner*, [then] the

PHOTOS BY LADI VON JANSKY

BY KEITH VALCOURT

pace of that is more like *All in the Family* or *Cheers*. The medium doesn't require such a fast pace. *The Simpsons* really defined that fast pace for the new prime-time animation sensibility. We're sort of just taking that to the next step.

Have you found doing a live-action show restrictive?

In some ways. The broadcast standards department at Fox is very friendly to us, and we have a very good relationship with them, which allows us leeway on *The Winner* we would never have had without *Family Guy*. They recognize there is a brand of humor they expect from us.

In live action there is always less that you can get away with. We did an episode of *Family Guy* that culminated with the whole family having a fistfight—shots where Peter and Lois are full-on punching each other in the face. If Ray and Debra did that on *Everybody Loves Raymond*, it probably wouldn't be that funny. It would be a little funny, but you couldn't do that.

As the voice of various *Family Guy* characters, how did you decide which ones to do yourself?

I do Peter, Brian, Stewie, Quagmire and Tom Tucker, the news guy. It wasn't a conscious decision for me to do all of them. At one point we were casting Brian, but I found that it was easier for me because there is a lot of me in that character. It seems to have worked out. When I did the original presentation to sell the show to Fox—partially due to budgetary reasons because I couldn't afford to hire actors—I had done those voices. In some ways it was already preordained that I would be those characters.

So of all the show's characters, Brian the Dog is most like you?

Yes.

You're an alcoholic and—?

(*Laughs.*) Oh, yeah!

Did specific individuals inspire the *Family Guy* ensemble?

Peter is a melting pot of every big, fat, loud New England guy that was a friend of my father's. Stewie is based on Rex Harrison, the old character actor from the 1960s. The other characters are defined by the actors who do them. Seth Green, when he was developing the voice for Chris, worked it out from an impression of Ted Levine from *Silence of the Lambs*, which I think is hilarious.

In a wrestling-style, steel-cage match, who would win: you, Mike Judge of *Beavis & Butt-head* fame or Matt Groening, creator of *The Simpsons*?

I think I would win since I have the strength of 25 men.

Do you ever run into your rival animation titans?

Mike Judge, I haven't run into him as many times as I have run into Matt. Matt is great. He's called me on a number of occasions when there were articles in the papers about the rivalry. He's made a point to say, "I love your show. My kids love your show." Matt is a class act. Mike is great, but I've only met him a couple times, and he's been cool.

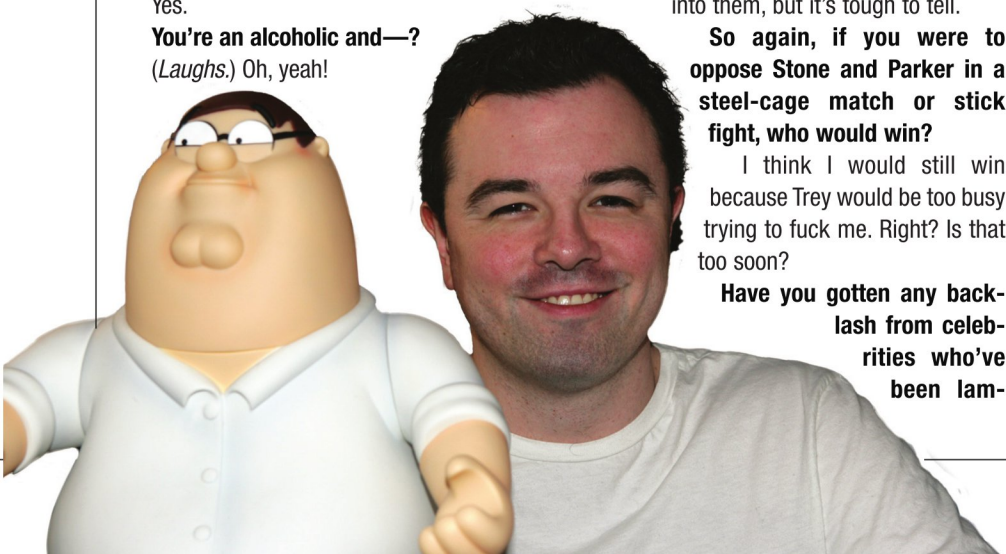
What did you think when Matt Stone and Trey Parker spoofed *Family Guy* on *South Park*?

It would make us giant hypocrites if we had any objection. I was actually flattered that they spent two half-hours of their airtime—two full episodes—to talk about *Family Guy*. It's the old adage of say something good, say something bad, just say something. I'm not sure what their motivation was, but it helps my show. I don't know those guys personally. I have not had a warm reception when I run into them, but it's tough to tell.

So again, if you were to oppose Stone and Parker in a steel-cage match or stick fight, who would win?

I think I would still win because Trey would be too busy trying to fuck me. Right? Is that too soon?

Have you gotten any backlash from celebrities who've been lam-



QUAGMIRE'S TIPS FOR PICKING UP CHICKS

#1: Never date a girl with more bush than you.

#2: Always try to work the word *whore* into every other sentence, because chicks love assholes.

#3: GIGITTY GIGITTY GIGITTY GOO!

#4: Don't try to touch the breasts until the second hour.

#5: Don't mention your foot fetish till day three.

basted on the show?

We got a really angry call one day from [former *SNL* comedienne] Ellen Cleghorne. I'm not really sure what the context of that was. Generally, people are pretty good sports. If we are making fun of a celebrity, we frequently offer the role to that person to see if they want to be part and parcel of the joke.

You have used lots of classic TV and music has-beens, particularly Adam West and Walter Murphy. What's the story with them?

It's funny because I didn't know Walter Murphy from his 1970s hit "A Fifth of Beethoven." I hired him from his demo tape of rich and classic orchestrations.

Adam West is someone I worked with over at Hanna-Barbera on a show called *Johnny Bravo*. He was so goddamn funny that I decided if I were ever running a show, I would have to have him somehow be involved. He's become an icon for our show. A lot of the younger kids who are too young to remember *Batman* know him only as Mayor Adam West. We have now gone five seasons without making a *Batman* reference on purpose.

You deal with network censors all the time. Has there been anything that you've gotten away with that shocked you?

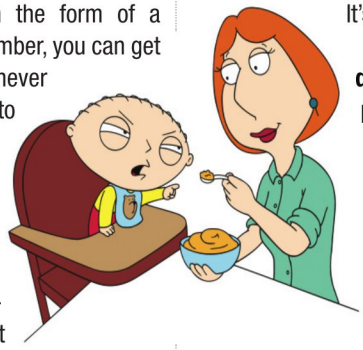
We did a joke where Stewie gets a sunburn. While Brian is squirting white lotion on him, Mr. Furley from *Three's Company* walks in. It looks like Brian is coming on Stewie's face. I'm shocked that we got away with that one.

Anything that the censors have said flat-out no to?

Right now, because of the FCC, shit jokes and bathroom jokes are hard to get on air. I don't know why. It's odd, because you can show a guy being beheaded, but you can't do somebody grunting as if they are going to the bathroom. It's very discouraging.

How did you ever pull off the "Prom Night Dumpster Babies" song?

That one they did not blink at. Oftentimes, if it's couched in the form of a musical number, you can get away with it. You never know what they are going to object to.



At one point, *Family Guy* was canceled, and then it came back. How did that happen?

The return was a complete surprise. I thought maybe we would have a shot at doing a special or a straight-to-DVD movie, but never thought they [Fox] would pick up the series again, mainly because it had never been done, and it was tantamount to a studio admitting they had made a mistake. I was called one day by the studio after being off the air for two years, and they said, "We're thinking about sneaking this thing back into production." I said, "What?!" and damn near fell out of my chair.

What do you think was the motivating factor—fans campaigning for more episodes or brisk DVD sales?

I'm sure that the fans' campaigning didn't hurt, but networks and studios respond to money. It was a combination of the Adult Swim airings on Comedy Central and how well they were doing against Leno and Letterman (in male demographics, they beat them), but what really did it were the DVD sales. Money going straight into the studio's coffers; that really woke them up.

Have you experienced animation groupies, and what are they like?

They don't fall into categories, but they are always very enthusiastic. Animation fans are so devoted and passionate about the shows. They can get a bit odd. I had one guy waiting for me in front of my hotel in New York, and he offered me half of a corned beef sandwich. I had no intention of eating it. So I politely declined.

How about women who are animation groupies?

Ah, yes. Animation tends to be male-dominated, but with prime-time animation, there's a nice balance of ladies.

Do you have any strange stories involving female groupies? This is HUSTLER. Be as graphic as possible?

(*Laughs.*) As graphic as possible? Well, I've already made an enemy of Trey Parker. I don't want to upset ladies, so we'll just leave it there.

Will Brian be directing any more porn?

It's possible.

Have you ever considered doing full-length animated porn?

I think Ralph Bakshi has already done that. Or maybe Robert Altman's *Short Cuts*. Two hours of Julianne Moore's bush screaming. That's some animated porn.

What do each of your characters think of HUSTLER?

Quagmire has three subscriptions to make sure he won't miss anything: one to leave lying around to look cool, one to use in the bedroom and the third one to put in a glass case for posterity. Brian has a secret enjoyment. Stewie is confused by it—not sure if this is what he wants or not. Possible that Lois would get into it as well.

If you could bring one of your characters to life, which one would you want to have sex with?

Maybe Francine from *American Dad*. Why not?!

Larry Flynt loves *Family Guy*, and it's rumored that he even sleeps with a stuffed Brian. How does that make you feel?

I'm flattered and honored, and God knows it's appropriate because if it were not for Larry Flynt, we wouldn't be able to legally make fun of all the pop culture craziness that we make fun of. I love it! ■

BY TOM FARRELL

DROP-DEAD HILARIOUS

Meet ALEX BORSTEIN, the voice of *Family Guy*'s Lois Griffin.

Alex Borstein is, arguably, the most gifted and versatile comedienne to grace the boob tube since Carol Burnett, even if she isn't always visible. Borstein first gained renown with her *Mad TV* impersonations (remember the socially naïve foreigner Ms. Swan?), then moved on to Fox's *Family Guy* in 1999 as the voice of saucy matriarch Lois Griffin.

Wanting to hear what Borstein had to say about the show and her first DVD—*Drop Dead Gorgeous, In a Down-to-Earth Bombshell Sort of Way*—we gave the funny girl a call.

HUSTLER: When did you first get into comedy?

ALEX BORSTEIN: Well, when you're a Jewish kid, you start performing at your first Passover, where you have to do the four questions. It's your first live performance with a group.

I started doing plays when I was in the sixth grade. I kinda figured out that I was never going to play the pretty, young, demure lead girl. I was getting cast as grandmothers in junior high, and then I kinda realized, "Hey, I'm funny!" When I was 16, I did stand-up. It was pretty lame. After that, it was a sketch group in college, at San Francisco State. Then it was back to L.A., where I joined ACME, an improv sketch comedy group kinda like the Groundlings. I did that for a couple of years. Then I started writing for *Casper* and *Pinky and the Brain*.

We're guessing you were the girl in school who was always cracking jokes and being a smarty?

Yeah, for the most part. It's kind of born out [of] a weird shyness and insecurity where you made fun of yourself before anyone else could. It was self-deprecating humor, then it became "Let's get on the teacher's nerves."

Some maintain that a sense of humor derives from pain.

Yeah, we always talk about that. At *Family Guy* everyone there is the coolest and funniest person you've ever met, but the most fucked-up person you'll ever meet. (*Laughs.*) Generally, you don't see a lot of beautiful women who were cheerleaders doing comedy. What's funny? And most people want to laugh with somebody that's had just as rough a time as them or worse. It doesn't have to be anything horrible. I guess if you're beaten or something worse, you become a stripper. But if it's just a difficult time or something really awkward, you become a comedian.

Tell us a little about *Drop Dead Gorgeous*.

It's about an hour and a half of stand-up material. It seems fitting to talk about this in HUSTLER because I keep coming back to the same theme over and over: my fascination with whores. (*Laughs.*) I mean, what the hell happened?! We used to have Mary Tyler Moore to look up to, and now it's fucking Paris Hilton.

What were your thoughts when *Family Guy* was resurrected in 2005?

It was really fucking crazy. Seth [MacFarlane, the show's creator] called me, and I was like, "Do not fuck with me! Just call me if it's real." It was amazing. It's kind of like someone who lives through a heart attack. You feel like you've been given this second chance.

Lois sounds so-o-o-o-o sexy. We'd love to hear a girl-on-girl voiceover scene with you and Fran Drescher.

(*Laughs.*) I don't know about that! That's hardcore! Too much nasal!

We're sure that *Family Guy*'s writers have caused havoc with Fox's censors.

One funny example I'd like to share is when we had a reference to a Dirty Sanchez [smearing fecal matter in the form of a mustache under the nose of a partner administering oral sex]. It almost went to air, and at the last minute [the censors] said, "Hey, you can't say that!" So we changed it to a Muddy Ramirez, which was made up. I think that was one of our proudest moments. We've actually done that a couple of times, and Fox will call up and say, "You can't say that." Then we have to remind them that it's just gibberish that we implied was dirty.

It's crazy what they will let us do sometimes. We had one scene where kids were going to a make-out place like Inspiration Point, but we called it Anal Point, and it was where everyone goes to have anal sex. That's on the chopping block right now.

Try slipping in Cleveland Steamer.

I think we had that one in, actually.

Any parting words for *Family Guy* fans?

Yeah, fuck you all! (*Laughs.*) They should get that!

CONFESSIONS OF LOIS GRIFFIN

Our thanks to ***Family Guy*** *writers Kevin Biggins and Travis Bowe for the following off-the-wall banter.*

HUSTLER: How did a babe like you end up marrying the portly Peter Griffin?

LOIS GRIFFIN: Well, if you look at the major networks' sitcoms over the past decade, it's easy to understand: Slim, sexy women will settle for fat retards. I mean, just look at *According to Jim* and *The King of Queens*. The only difference with my situation is that we're funny.

You came from a pretty wealthy family. Is it hard going from Ted Turner-like big bucks to white-trash Rhode Island?

Two words: liquid opium. Yeah, very rare. Very hard to get. Wanna know where it's not hard to get?! Rhode Island. So, yeah, fuck you!

So what's with Meg, the Griffins' teenaged daughter?

You know those warning labels on cigarettes? Yeah, well, those came out a month after Meg was born.

We believe that Brian the Dog has a crush on you.

Let me just say, I respect a journalist who's done his research. Brian wants a piece. He's very sweet, but really. Peter's got a human penis, and Brian's got a dog penis, and that's the bottom line.

What's with little Stewie? Some viewers may think he's suffering from a reverse Oedipus complex.

Are you suggesting that my little baby boy wants to have sex with my husband?! You people are sick—just sick! Your pictures with the curtain rods up the vagina are one thing, but this crosses the line!

You're pretty hot, Lois. Ever done any modeling?

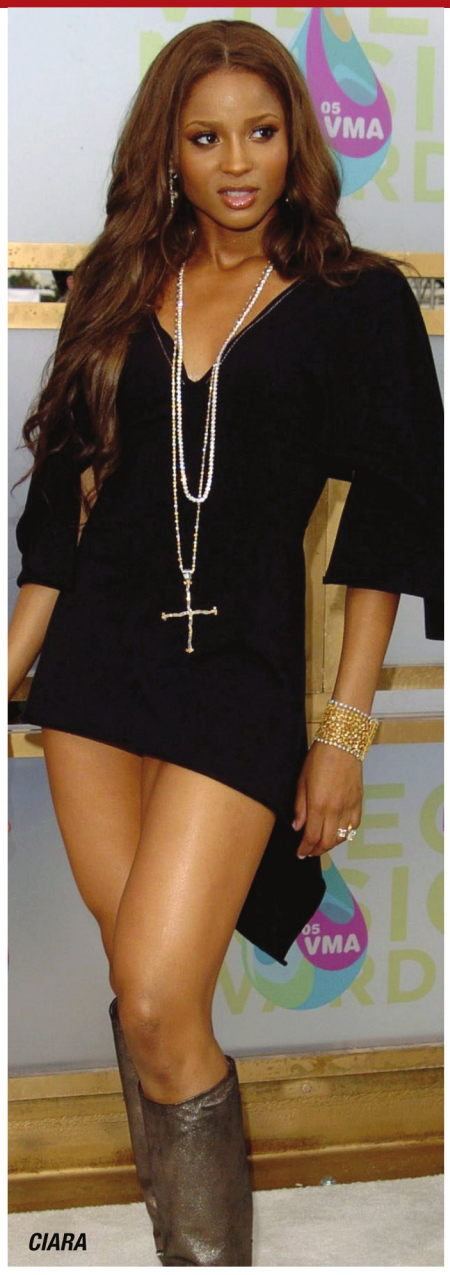
Actually, I have. Mort Goldman hired me to do Goldman Pharmacy ads. It was a decent gig, but he was only willing to pay me minimum. Heeb! I also had to give him a lotion handjob once a week.

Since it's HUSTLER, we have to ask: What's your favorite position?

Oh, geez, I don't know. I love 'em all. Peter got a positions book from Quagmire, and my favorite that we've tried so far is this one called Ball Goggles.

Shades

TARAJI P. HENSON



CIARA

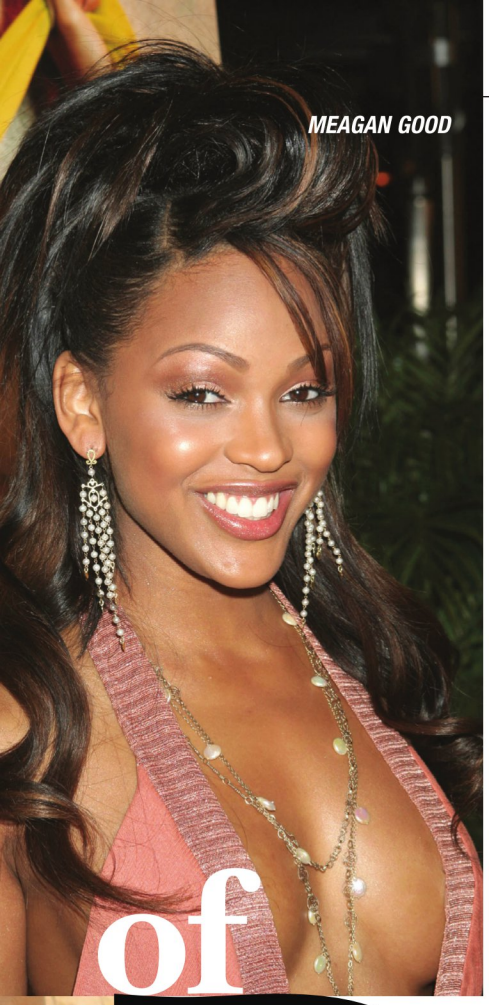
JADA FIRE

PHOTO COURTESY METRO INTERACTIVE

In our times of cautious speech, it may be considered risky to sing the praises of a beautiful black woman's uniquely carnal presence. But it would be even more egregious to deny her powerful, earthy sexuality. A black woman confident in her beauty possesses a pride that is unassailable and enduring. A heritage of hardship and struggle has forged the strong, honest attitude of the experienced realist. She will no longer be deceived or disrespected. She wields a fierce, critical intelligence. The bold lines of her face and body, the gorgeously rich and varied tones of her skin, offer an unrelenting challenge to our perceptions of beauty, forcing us to see anew. She moves with a muscular grace, ever soulful and in tune with the rhythms of life.

The intensity of a breathtaking black woman inspires a spectrum of response, from admiration to lust, sometimes even intimidation and anger. She becomes a touchstone for lingering tensions that resonate in our culture, a target for clichés, a catalyst for change. Like no other woman, she is a provocative force, challenging us to be honest and real, to respond to her authentic warmth—and to her bold powers of seduction.

BY MARK JOHNSON



MEAGAN GOOD

MARIE LUV

PHOTO BY DWAYNE DARDEN/SUMMERBUNNIES.COM

"BUFFIE THE BODY" CARRUTH

# of Black

BEYONCÉ

The art of light and dark: Up-and-coming television and cinema stars like **Taraji P. Henson** (*Hustle & Flow*), **Meagan Good** (*Stomp the Yard*) and Joy Bryant—to name just a few—are following the versatile trails blazed by acclaimed actresses Angela Bassett and **Halle Berry**.

Sex is in their blood: Taking the torch from '90s porn pussycats like Midori and India, post-millennial gonzo girls **Jada Fire**, **Marie Luv** and Vanessa Blue are keeping ethnic sales in the skin biz strong with scorching performances and voluptuous star power. (For more on the phenomenal Jada Fire, see page 140.)

Baby got back: Booty-shaking video vixens Karrine Stephens, Melyssa Ford and **"Buffie the Body" Carruth** are some of hip-hop's greatest assets. As for the political incorrectness of black-ass worship, let the debate rage on!

Crossing over: Pop sensations following the gyrating leads of Tina Turner and Janet Jackson—most notably **Beyoncé** and **Ciara**—rely on subtle cultural clues and timeless sex appeal to reach the broadest possible audience.

HALLE BERRY

LAURYN HILL

CASSANDRA WILSON

SERENA WILLIAMS

ERIKA NICOLE

INDIA ARIE

KIWI

ALLYSON FELIX AND RACHELLE BOONE-SMITH.

Soul is the key: Jazz lady **Cassandra Wilson**, soul temptress Leela James and pop singers such as hip-hop icon **Lauryn Hill** draw on a rich heritage to shape their musical and visual styles while reaffirming black identity. R&B diva **India Arie** has long tackled issues of ethnic beauty in her songwriting, with tunes such as "Brown Skin" and "I Am Not My Hair."

Built to win: Sexy powerhouse **Serena Williams** and her grand-slamming sister Venus took the tennis world by storm. Among the new breathtaking athletes are world-class track-and-field champions **Allyson Felix** and **Rachelle Boone-Smith**.

Over the years, HUSTLER and its short-lived sister publication *Brown Sugar* have showcased some of the finest in black beauty, gracing the pages with luscious tones from honey-brown to café au lait to dark chocolate. Some recent HUSTLER stunners include tawny temptress **Kiwi** (July '02) and the ever-erotic **Erika Nicole** (March '07 and September '07), proving—once again—that black will always be beautiful.

GAME ON

BY KEITH VALCOURT

AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE

The Godfather: The Don's Edition
Manufacturer: EA
Format: PS3

Ever wonder about being a hitman for the most powerful mobster of all, Don Corleone? In this ultragraphic game you're let loose on the mean streets of New York City, whacking members of four rival crime families to earn both respect and hard cash. You can take your boss's enemies out in a variety of ways—using guns, baseball bats, your bare fists or even running them down with your car. This detailed game allows you to design the look of your character, offers hours of violent fun and features the original voices of ***Godfather*** cast members James Caan, Robert Duvall and Abe Vigoda. Welcome to the family!

ARMORED AND DANGEROUS

Armored Core 4
Manufacturer: SEGA
Format: PS3, Xbox 360

The latest in the ***Armored Core*** franchise offers all-new storylines and environments, as well as more than 35 dangerous missions for you and your customized, giant, battle-robot mech. Search and destroy up to eight players in detailed and futuristic 3D scenarios. ***Armored 4***'s amazing innovations include "Quick Boost," "Over Boost" and "Primal Armor," a defense shield that adjusts its strength based on battle conditions. Rise, robot, rise!

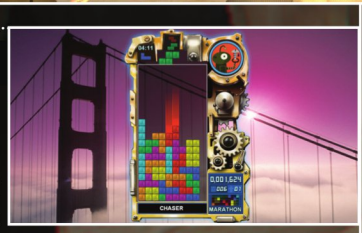
BURN, BABY, BURN!

After Burner: Black Falcon
Manufacturer: SEGA
Format: PSP

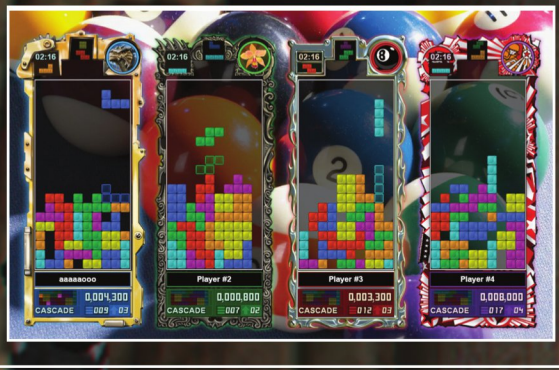
Strap into the cockpit of any one of 15 officially licensed aircraft in this high-flying new game. Soaring into the wild blue yonder, you can take an F-14 Tomcat to max speed, then use your high-powered weapons to destroy enemy targets in the sky or on the ground. Or how about breaking the sound barrier in an F-18 Hornet while dodging hostile fire? Head for the danger zone and get your adrenaline pumping in this home version of the explosive arcade favorite.

IT'S A PUZZLE

Tetris Evolution
Manufacturer: THQ
Format: Xbox 360



Tetris, easily the most popular puzzle video game in history, takes a massive jump forward with its latest offering, ***Tetris Evolution***. You can play the classic stacking game alone, in multiplayer tournaments and in multiplayer live modes. New, intense, high-definition graphics make the puzzles and Tetriminos literally pop off the screen. Plus, you can customize themes, skins, icons and soundtracks. Stack it up!



Sorry, gentlemen. Larry Flynt can't be fired!

(continued from page 40) as chief prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials of Nazi leaders following World War II—wrote what should be prominently displayed not only in every American legislature and courtroom, but also in the offices of media executives, as well as in the sanctuary of the Reverend Al Sharpton:

"If there is any fixed star in our Constitutional constellation, it is that no official, high or petty, can prescribe what shall be orthodox politics, nationalism, religion, or other matters of opinion—*or force citizens to confess by word or deed their faith therein."* (Author's emphasis.)

The destruction of Don Imus's career and reputation for what he said—however offensive to how many people—dramatizes how far we have come from Justice Jackson's credo of Americanism that goes back to what Thomas Jefferson emphasized about skewering free speech. He was referring to censoring books, but his sharp point also applies to the fall of Don Imus.

"I am really mortified," Jefferson said in an 1814 letter, "that the sale of a book can become a subject of inquiry, and of criminal inquiry too. … Are we to have a censor whose imprimatur shall say what books may be sold and what we may buy? … Whose foot is to be the measure to which we are all to be stretched?"

With regard to offensive speech in 2007, that foot is not only Al Sharpton's, but also the government's. Jane Kirtley, former director of the Reporters' Committee for Freedom of the Press—of which I am a member—now teaches at the University of Minnesota on how to keep the media free.

Said Kirtley about the effect of government spying on us: "Knowing that you're under constant surveillance changes the way you operate…how you communicate with other people. This is true for everyone, not just journalists."

To which Dan Kennedy, a Boston journalist who surely knows who James Madison was, adds: "It's not that you're being watched. It's that you might be, and that you have no way of knowing whether you are or not."

There has never been a time in our history when freedom of thought and protest—and the expression of both—is so essential to keeping us aware of our need to preserve our liberties.

Even the conservative and libertarian Bob Barr, a former U.S. congressman, keeps reminding us: "The Founding Fathers meant what they wrote!"

What has happened to Don Imus is a challenge to the rest of us—however often any of us have found his speech offensive. In order to speak, think and act freely, transcending "community standards," we have to organize to reinvigorate the standards of the Constitution!

Nat Hentoff is a historian, jazz critic and columnist for the Village Voice, Legal Times, Washington Times, The Progressive, Editor & Publisher, Free Inquiry and Jewish World Review. His incisive books include The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America; Living the Bill of Rights; Free Speech for Me But Not for Thee; The War on the Bill of Rights; The Gathering Resistance; and, the latest, Is This America?

PARIS IN

PRISON

PHOTOGRAPHY BY T. RIFTER

CHRISTINE ALEXIS & ADRIANA SAGE

When **Paris Hilton** was heading off to jail to serve out her sentence, we were all sitting around wondering what the spoiled little rich girl's stint behind bars would be like. Since acquiring an insider's photos might have been impossible, we dreamed up this layout, starring **Christine Alexis** (as Paris) and **Adriana Sage** (as her cellmate, Lucia).

The pampered princess knew her time in the joint would be hard, but she had no idea it would be this hard-core. When Lucia finds haughty Ms. Hilton down on her knees, scrubbing a toilet, she decides it's time to give the fresh meat a proper welcome.

"So, Paris, you think you're better than me?" growls the streetwise troublemaker from the barrio. "Your money don't mean shit in here. Now eat my pussy, bitch!"

No one has ever talked to Paris like that before. Her aggressive new gal pal makes the priss miss nervous—and very wet.

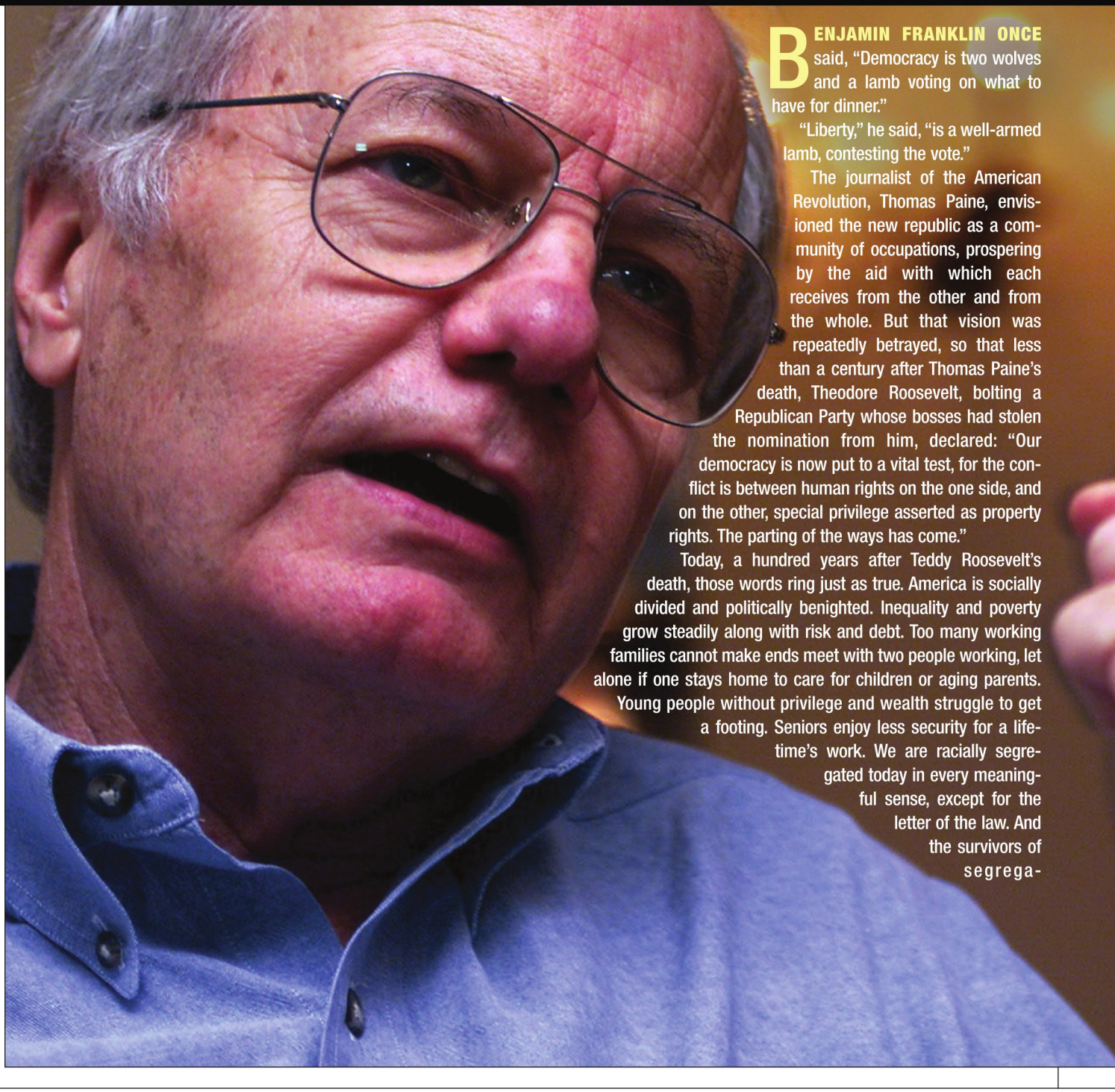
It isn't long before the notorious party gal learns why they call this place "the slammer." Every day Lucia slams her pussy into Ms. Hilton's hungry mouth and a strap-on dildo into the ditzy debutante's prized snatch.

Paris is violated again and again by Lucia right up until the very end of her sentence. As the salacious celebrity comes for the third time on that final day, she thinks to herself, *Jail really isn't that bad!*

Prison and Paris, now that's hot!

EVERY CITIZEN

by Bill Moyers



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN ONCE said, "Democracy is two wolves and a lamb voting on what to have for dinner."

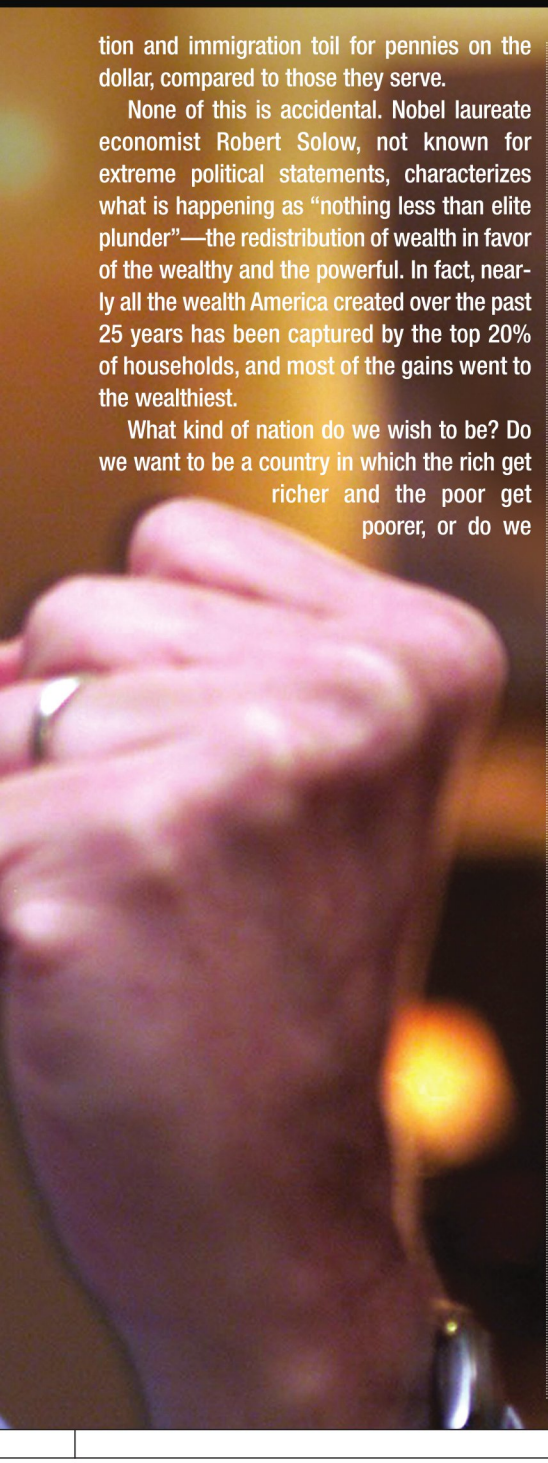
"Liberty," he said, "is a well-armed lamb, contesting the vote."

The journalist of the American Revolution, Thomas Paine, envisioned the new republic as a community of occupations, prospering by the aid with which each receives from the other and from the whole. But that vision was repeatedly betrayed, so that less than a century after Thomas Paine's death, Theodore Roosevelt, bolting a Republican Party whose bosses had stolen the nomination from him, declared: "Our democracy is now put to a vital test, for the conflict is between human rights on the one side, and on the other, special privilege asserted as property rights. The parting of the ways has come."

Today, a hundred years after Teddy Roosevelt's death, those words ring just as true. America is socially divided and politically benighted. Inequality and poverty grow steadily along with risk and debt. Too many working families cannot make ends meet with two people working, let alone if one stays home to care for children or aging parents. Young people without privilege and wealth struggle to get a footing. Seniors enjoy less security for a lifetime's work. We are racially segregated today in every meaningful sense, except for the letter of the law. And the survivors of segrega-

A TOM PAINE

The distinguished journalist and PBS icon delivers the keynote address at the National Conference for Media Reform in Memphis, Tennessee.



tion and immigration toil for pennies on the dollar, compared to those they serve.

None of this is accidental. Nobel laureate economist Robert Solow, not known for extreme political statements, characterizes what is happening as "nothing less than elite plunder"—the redistribution of wealth in favor of the wealthy and the powerful. In fact, nearly all the wealth America created over the past 25 years has been captured by the top 20% of households, and most of the gains went to the wealthiest.

What kind of nation do we wish to be? Do we want to be a country in which the rich get richer and the poor get poorer, or do we want a country committed to an economy that provides for the common good, offers upward mobility, supports a middle-class standard of living and provides generous opportunities for all?

"When the richest nation in the world has to borrow hundreds of billions of dollars to pay its bill," Norman Garfinkel says in his book *The American Dream vs. the Gospel of Wealth*, "when its middle-class citizens sit on a mountain of debt to maintain their living standards, when the nation's economy has difficulty producing secure jobs, or enough jobs of any kind, something is amiss."

When Teddy Roosevelt dissected what he called "the real masters of the reactionary forces" in his time, he concluded that, indirectly or directly, "they control the majority of the great newspapers that are against us." Those newspapers, the dominant media of the day, choked "the channels of the information ordinary people needed to understand what was being done to them."

And today, two basic pillars of American society—shared economic prosperity and a public sector capable of serving the common good—are crumbling. The third pillar of American democracy, an independent press, is under sustained attack, and the channels of information are choked. A few huge corporations now dominate the media landscape in America. Almost all the networks carried by most cable systems are owned by one of the major media conglomerates. Two-thirds of today's newspapers are monopolies.

As ownership gets more and more concentrated, fewer and fewer independent sources of information have survived in the marketplace; and those few, significant alternatives that do survive—such as PBS and NPR—are undergoing financial and political pressure to reduce critical news content and to shift their focus in a mainstream direction, which means being more attentive to Establishment views than to the bleak realities of powerlessness that shape the lives of ordinary people.

What does today's media system mean for the notion of an informed public cherished by democratic theory? Quite literally, it means that virtually everything the average person sees or hears, outside of her own personal communications, is determined by the interests of private, unaccountable executives and investors whose primary goal is increasing profits and raising the share prices. More insidiously, this small group of elites determines what ordinary people do not see or hear. In-depth coverage of anything, let alone the problems real people face day-to-day, is as scarce as sex, violence and voyeurism are pervasive.

Successful business model or not, by democratic standards, this is censorship of knowledge by monopolization of the means of information. What we see from the couch is overwhelmingly a view from the top. The pioneering communications scholar Murray Edelman wrote that opinions about public policy do not spring immaculately or automatically into people's minds. They are always placed there by the interpretations of those who most consistently get their claims and manufactured cues publicized widely.

For years, the media marketplace for opinions about public policy has been dominated by a highly disciplined, thoroughly networked, ideological "noise machine," to use David Brock's term. Permeated with slogans concocted by big corporations, their lobbyists and their think-tank subsidiaries, public discourse has effectively changed the meaning of American values. Day after day, the ideals of fairness and liberty and mutual responsibility have been stripped of their essential dignity and meaning in people's lives. Day after day, the egalitarian creed of our Declaration of Independence is trampled underfoot by hired

experts and sloganeers, who speak of the "death tax," "the ownership society," "the culture of life," "the liberal assault on God and family," "compassionate conservatism." They have even managed to turn the escalation of a failed war into a "surge," as if it were a current of electricity through a wire, instead of blood spurting from the ruptured vein of a soldier.

The Orwellian filigree of a public sphere in which language conceals reality, and the pursuit of personal gain and partisan power, is wrapped in rhetoric that turns truth to lies and lies to truth. So it is that limited government has little to do with the Constitution or local economy anymore. Now it means corporate domination and the shifting of risk from government and business to struggling families and workers. And patriotism has come to mean blind support for failed leaders.

Worrying about the loss of real news is not a romantic cliché of journalism. It's been verified by history. From the days of royal absolutism to the present, the control of information and knowledge had been the first line of defense for failed regimes facing democratic unrest.

The Federalists' infamous Sedition Act of 1798, likewise, sought to quell republican insurgency by making it a crime to publish false, scandalous and malicious writing about the government or its officials. In those days, our governing bodies tried to squelch journalistic information with the blunt instruments of the law: padlocks for the presses and jail cells for outspoken editors and writers. Over time, with spectacular wartime exceptions, the courts and the Constitution have struck those weapons out of their hand.

But now they have found new methods in the name of national security and even broader claims of executive privilege. The number of documents stamped "Top Secret," "Secret" or "Confidential" has accelerated dramatically since 2001, including many formerly accessible documents that are now reclassified as "Secret." Vice President Cheney's office refuses to disclose, in fact, what it is classifying. Even their secrecy is being kept a secret.

As we saw in the run-up to the invasion of Iraq, the plantation mentality that governs Washington turned the press corps into sitting ducks for the war party, government, and neoconservative propaganda and manipulation. There were notable exceptions—Knight Ridder's bureau, for example—but on the whole, all high-ranking officials had to do was say it, and the press repeated it until it became gospel. The height of myopia came with the admission (or was it bragging?) by one of the Beltway's most prominent anchors that his responsibility is to provide officials a forum to be heard, what they say being more newsworthy than what they do.

The watchdog group FAIR found that during the three weeks leading up to the invasion, only 3% of U.S. sources on the evening news of ABC, CBS, NBC, CNN, Fox and PBS expressed skeptical opinions of the impending war, even though a quarter of the American people were against it. Not surprisingly, two years after 9/11, almost 70% of the public still thought it likely that Saddam Hussein was personally involved in the terrorist attacks of that day.

But there are many other ways the plantation mentality keeps the American people from confronting reality. Take the staggering growth of money in politics. Compared to the magnitude of the problem, what the average person knows about how money determines policy is negligible. In fact, in the abstract, the polls tell us, most people generally assume that money controls our political system. But people will rarely act on something they understand only in the abstract. It took a constant stream of images—water hoses, and dogs and churches ablaze—for the public at large finally to understand what was happening to black people in the South. It took repeated scenes of destruction in Vietnam before the majority of Americans saw how we were destroying the country in order to save it.

Likewise, people have to see how money and politics actually work and concretely grasp the consequences for their pocketbooks and their lives before they will act. But while media organizations supply a lot of news and commentary, they tell us almost nothing about who really wags the system and how.

When I watch one of those faux debates on a Washington public-affairs show, with one politician saying, "This is a bad bill," and the other politician saying, "This is a good bill," I yearn to see the smiling, nodding Beltway anchor suddenly interrupt and insist, "Good bill or bad bill, this is a bought bill. Now let's cut to the chase. Whose financial interests are you advancing with this bill?"

Then there's the social cost of free trade. For over a decade, free trade has hovered over the political system like a biblical commandment striking down anything—trade unions, the environment, indigenous rights, even the Constitutional standing of our own laws passed by our elected representatives—that gets in the way of unbridled greed.

The broader negative consequences of this agenda—increasingly well-documented by scholars—get virtually no attention in the dominant media. Instead of reality, we get optimistic, multicultural scenarios of coordinated global growth. And instead of substantive debate, we get a stark, formulated choice between free trade to help the world and gloomy-sounding protectionism that will set everyone back.

I think what's happened is not indifference or laziness or incompetence, but the fact that most journalists on the plantation have so internalized conventional wisdom that they simply accept that the system is working as it should. I'm doing a documentary called *Buying the War*

[broadcast on PBS in April 2007], and I can't tell you again how many reporters have told me that it just never occurred to them that high officials would manipulate intelligence in order to go to war. Hello?

Similarly, the question of whether or not our economic system is truly just is off the table for investigation and discussion, so that alternative ideas, alternative critiques, alternative visions never get a hearing. And these are but a few of the realities that are obscured.

What about this growing inequality? What about the resegregation of our public schools? What about the devastating onward march of environmental deregulation? All of these are examples of what happens when independent sources of knowledge and analysis are so few and far between on the plantation.

So if we need to know what is happening, and Big Media won't tell us; if we need to know why it matters, and Big Media won't tell us; if we need to know what to do about it, and Big Media won't tell us—it's clear what we have to do: We have to tell the story ourselves.

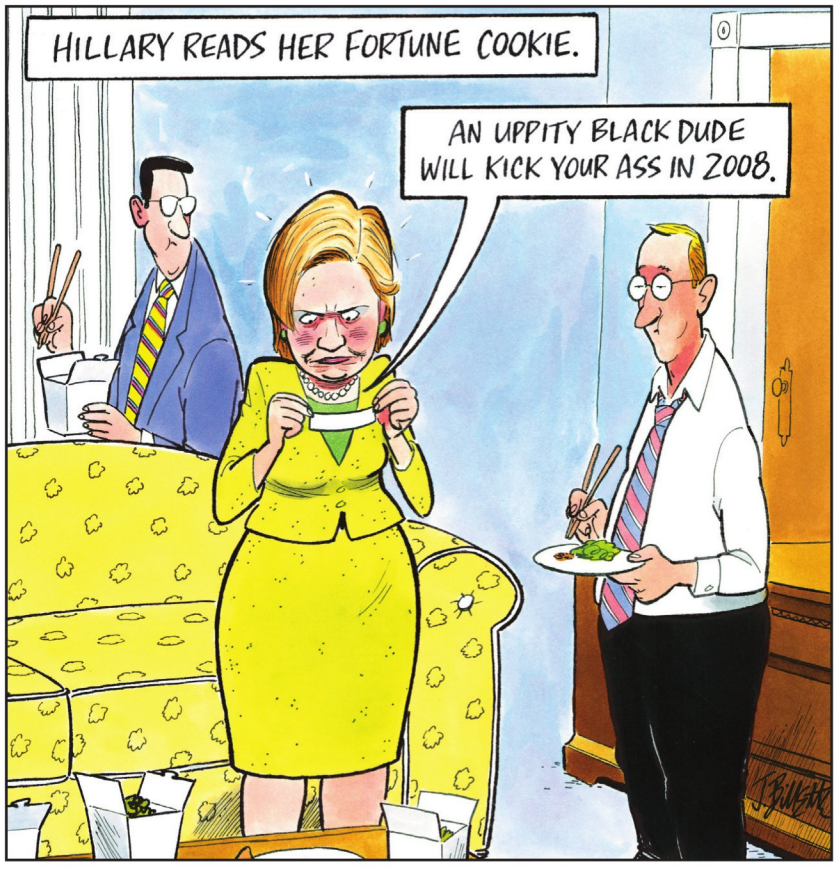
And this is what the plantation owners feared most of all. Over all those decades here in the South, when they used human beings as chattel and quoted scripture to justify it—property rights over human rights was God's way—they secretly lived in fear that one day, instead of saying, "Yes, Massa," those gaunt, weary, sweat-soaked field hands, bending low over the cotton under the burning sun, would suddenly stand up straight, look around, see their sweltering and stooping kin and say, "This ain't the product of intelligent design. The boss man in the big house has been lying to me. Something is wrong with this system."

This is the moment freedom begins, the moment you realize someone else has been writing your story, and it's time you took the pen from his hand and started writing it yourself.

The greatest challenge to the plantation mentality of the media giants is the innovation and expression made possible by the digital revolution. I may still prefer the newspaper for its investigative journalism and in-depth analysis, but we now have it in our means to tell a different story from Big Media: our story.

The other story of America says free speech is not just corporate speech, that news is not just what officials tell us. And we are not just chattel in the fields living the boss man's story. This is the great gift of the digital revolution, and you must never, never let them take it away from you. The Internet, cell phones and digital cameras that can transmit images over the Internet make possible a nation of storytellers, every citizen a Tom Paine.

For more than three decades, investigative journalist, producer and best-selling author Bill Moyers has been a driving force in public-affairs broadcasting. Covering controversial stories the mainstream media ignore, the onetime CBS News analyst has garnered countless awards for his compassionate TV series and hard-hitting documentaries. Bill Moyers' Journal, which was first aired in 1972, has now returned to PBS.



SCREEN NAME:

Michelle Monroe

AGE: 25

STATUS: In a relationship

NUMBER OF MySPACE FRIENDS: 350

Our latest MySpace eye candy is an uninhibited lass from West Yorkshire, England. Having appeared in several British tabloids, magazines and documentaries, Michelle now wants to majestically introduce herself to HUSTLER readers around the world. With three years of modeling under her belt, the gorgeous miss is always ready to pounce on a good opportunity to further her career—even *hard* journalism. She recently signed on to be a topless anchor for **NakedNews.com**. Now *that's* a talking head with pizzazz!

Michelle, who describes herself as "easily bored," loves "new challenges" because the doll wants to have good stories to tell when she's in an old-persons home. One of her favorites is the time she was doing a light-bondage shoot (yes, we're madly in love) with her hands and feet tied to a chair. Striking a precarious pose, Michelle lost her balance and fell on her pretty face!

Unfazed, she just chalked it up to experience. Meanwhile, her latest challenge is belly-dancing, but we doubt there're any openings for *that* class.

Michelle's biggest sexual turn-on? Men's work boots! Seeing her man come home with a pair of those on his feet, she just wants to "rip his clothes off!" Actually, the hottie is up for shagging just about anywhere. Her fondest sexual memory is making love in the sea on a trip to Egypt. There were snorkelers all around, but nobody noticed…she hopes.

THE GIRLS OF MYSPACE

BY TYLER DOWNEY

#8: MICHELLE MONROE

Michelle has gotten some strange messages on MySpace. One guy asked her a bunch of political questions to see if she was just another ditzy blonde. "I don't mind playing dumb because it sells," she admits, "but I told the bloke to fuck off." Maybe he'd be interested to know that Michelle is an entrepreneur. Desiring long, lustrous locks, she couldn't find any extensions to her liking and decided to produce her own. Now the lovely Brit sells them all over the world at **ModelManes.com**. And a clothing Web site is in the works.

Finally, Michelle wishes to say hello to all her American fans and new admirers alike. To see more of this beautiful, down-to-earth and wickedly funny gal, check out **MySpace.com/Michelle_Monroe** and **Michelle-Monroe.co.uk**.

OPEN AUDITIONS: Hey, ladies! Think you have what it takes to be a HUSTLER Girl of MySpace? If you are 18 or older, send us an introductory message and a photo as instructed at MySpace.com/HustlerMagazine or by e-mailing *Hustler@LFP.com.* And we encourage everyone to visit "The Hottest Ladies of MySpace" (MySpace.com/SexMoney2), which features thousands of photogenic female friends.

"Very good design, Betsy. And in the future it will look great being burned in countries all around the world!"

TERA WRAY

FRESH OUT OF THE BOX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

"Oh, my God!" exclaims **Tera Wray**. "I can't believe my photos are going to be in HUSTLER! You don't understand. I'm from Kentucky, just like Larry Flynt. Back home, the man is everyone's hero. I can't believe this is really happening. My dad is going to be so proud of me!"

So how did this hillbilly hottie end up in the pages of our legendary magazine? "I met a guy who pretended to be a talent scout for HUSTLER," Tera replies. "When I found out he was lying, I called the magazine directly and got an appointment with the real casting people. I stripped off all my clothes, and here I am!"

Truly unbashful, **Tera** does a bang-up job proudly baring the goods and detailing her sexual tendencies. “I love everything you can think of!” she howls. “I like to have sex in interesting places. Coming from Kentucky, I got to have a lot of outdoor sex. I think that might be my favorite thing. When you’re riding some guy, and the wind is whipping all over your body, it makes an orgasm so much more intense.”

Being a centerfold has the naughty newbie stoked, but what unfolds is still up in the air. “In the past six months all of my dreams have come true,” Tera marvels. “I got to fly to Hollywood, be photographed for HUSTLER and buy a cool car. I guess I need to come up with some new dreams. Any suggestions?”

TERA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Louisville, Kentucky

AGE: 25

BIRTH SIGN: Taurus

HEIGHT: 5-5

A married couple was lying in bed one night when the husband suddenly started rubbing his wife's left shoulder. "Ooh," she cooed, "that feels really good!" Moving his hand lower, hubby began fondling a breast. "Ooh, that feels wonderful," the missus sighed. Soon her legs were being stroked, and she whispered, "Ooh, honey, please don't stop!"

But he did stop, even though the couple hadn't had sex in months. "Why did you stop?" the frustrated wife bellowed.

"I finally found the remote," the husband answered.

Question: What's the best thing about dating a homeless woman?

Answer: You can drop her off anywhere.

A man and a woman who had been married for 25 years were eating breakfast one morning. The wife was going on and on about how well she knew her husband when he said, "If you know me so well, dear, tell me something that will make me happy and mad at the same time."

"That's easy," his wife complied, looking him dead in the eye. "Your dick is a little bigger than your brother's!"

A black guy was standing in front of a brand-new Cadillac Escalade when a salesman walked up and said, "Thinking about buying a Cadillac?"

The black guy said, "No, I *am* buying a Cadillac. I'm thinking about pussy."

Question: What's the best thing you can do for President Bush?

Answer: Give him a piece of your mind.

A mousy office worker went to her supervisor and told him, "Well, since every other woman in the office is suing you for sexual harassment, I've decided to sue you too."

"But I never sexually harassed you!" the supervisor protested.

"I know," the woman reckoned. "That's why I'm suing you for discrimination."

Three burly, leather-clad bikers entered the roadhouse and walked over to a little old man eating at the counter. The first biker pushed a lit cigarette into the diner's pie, the second spat into the his milk, and the third turned over the graybeard's plate.

As the bikers laughed and sat down in a booth, the coot got up from the counter and silently left the joint.

Just as the waitress came over to take their orders, one of the bikers muttered, "Not much of a man, was he?"

"Not much of a truck driver either," the waitress remarked. "He just backed his big rig over three motorcycles!"

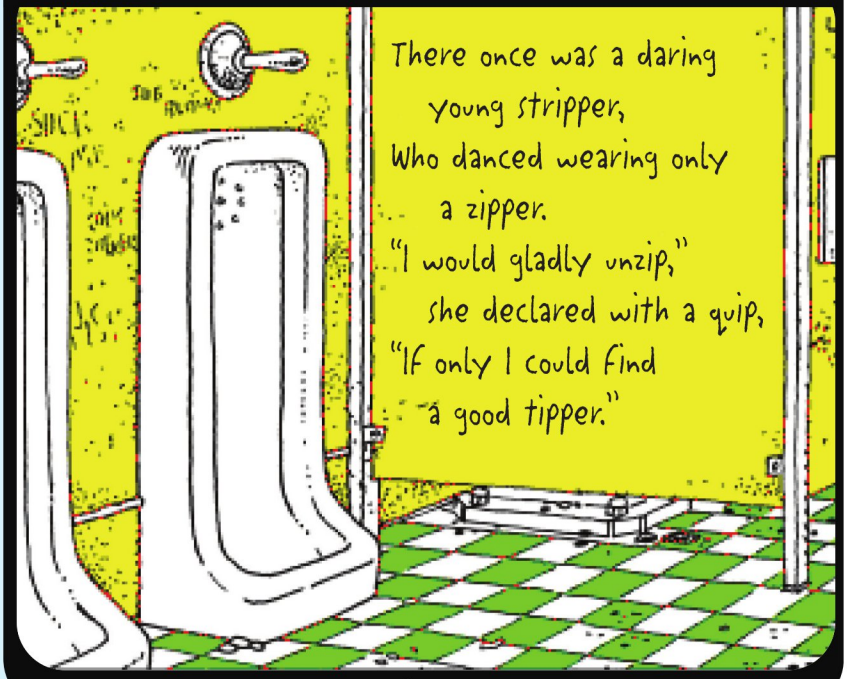
A guy phoned his boss's house, but got the boss's wife instead. He asked to speak to her husband. "I'm afraid he died earlier today," she informed him.

The next day, the man called again and asked for his boss. "I told you," the widow replied, "he died yesterday."

The third day, the guy called again and once more asked to speak to his boss. By this time, the grieving woman was getting upset and shouted, "I've already told you twice that he died! Why do you keep calling?!"

"Because," the voice on the line replied, laughing, "I just love hearing it!"

GRAFFILTHY



Thanks and $50 go to Holly P.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by e-mail to HUSTLER@LFP.com. If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

WELL, I GUESS I'LL GO AHEAD AND MARRY YOU. BUT I WAS REALLY HOPING TO MARRY A BIG, MUSCULAR BLACK DUDE WITH A HUGE DICK.
WINNERS
HOW SOME CHICKS END UP MARRYING THE WRONG GUY.

Blue Oyster Cult

Still Burnin' for You

BOC 2007 with singer Eric Bloom (in denim jacket) firing it up.

In the 1970s and early '80s, nobody rocked harder than Blue Oyster Cult. Propelled by "I'm Burnin' for You," "Don't Fear the Reaper," "Godzilla" and other hits, BOC packed stadiums right and left. Flash-forward to 2007, and the band (with most of its original lineup) is still going strong. Lead singer Eric Bloom took time out from the group's recent tour to chat with Music Editor Keith Valcourt.

HUSTLER: Blue Oyster Cult has been together since 1967. How do you keep it going?

ERIC BLOOM: At the beginning we never thought it was going to be like this. In the '70s we wondered if we would make it to the '80s. In the '80s we didn't think we were going to make it two more years, let alone into the '90s or the next century. We took it as it came. The '70s flashed by with like a million shows on our way up. [In the] mid-'80s we took a pause. We weren't doing so hot in the late '80s and early '90s. Then we sort of regrouped in different venues and different kinds of work in the mid-'90s, building it up to the point where we're doing better now than we ever have.

What are current BOC fans like as opposed to those in the 1970s and '80s?

Well, very different. We have a lot of the original fans who have stayed with us all the way. Then we have their children. You'd be surprised how many young people we see in our audience who like this guitar-driven sort of hard-rock music. People have found us or refound us and are coming out. I think almost every show on this recent tour was sold out.

We had a Spiñal Tap moment while checking out your Web site. Nineteen members have come and gone. Any you don't remember?

Country Corner

Howdy, pardners! Here are a few just-released CDs and DVDs y'all might find Jim-dandy.

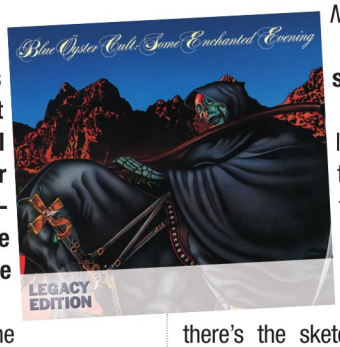
VARIOUS ARTISTS
Anchored in Love: A Tribute to June Carter Cash
Johnny Cash's beloved wife passed away in 2003—a few months before the Man in Black. To celebrate his mother's legacy, producer John Carter Cash invited Sheryl Crow, Willie Nelson, Elvis Costello, Loretta Lynn, Billy Bob Thornton, Rosanne Cash and other notables to provide extraordinary renditions of the country and bluegrass icon's most memorable tunes.

ELVIS PERKINS
Ash Wednesday
Famous offspring aren't always very talented. Elvis Perkins, the son of Anthony Perkins (*Psycho*'s Norman Bates), is the exception to that rule. His debut disc is packed with heartbreaking, acoustic-based tunes that masterfully blend elements of country, folk and rock.

BEST OF THE FLATT & SCRUGGS TV SHOW
Volume 1 & 2
From 1955 to 1969, bluegrass legends Lester Flatt and Earl Scruggs hosted a show that was broadcast throughout the South. Each episode was a blend of down-home fun, including up-tempo tunes, comedy bits, spotlight instrumentals and occasional guests. The recently discovered material (long thought lost) includes 36 episodes. These two DVDs (the first of many forthcoming) feature some of the best moments from 1961 and '62.

Probably. There were a couple of people that were in and out in a week.

When we officially became BOC, the original lineup stayed from 1970 till about 1981, when the drummer was fired. The original bass player quit in 1985, so they were both replaced. It's been bass and drums that have been in and out. We had the same bass and drummer through the '90s.



BOC is credited with introducing two things into rock 'n' roll that have become virtual trademarks: the laser light show and the cowbell. How did those become part of the band's legacy?

When "Don't Fear the Reaper" was a hit in '76, all of a sudden we were flush with bucks. We went from playing as special guests with someone else to headlining coliseums. The bucks were coming in, and the records were selling. Our manager found an eccentric scientist who had invented this laser system that no one had ever seen before. We said to ourselves, "We're rich. We're young and on our way up, so let's do it." (*Laughs.*)

So we hired this guy who trained a licensed laserist, which you had to have to bring this stuff on tour. For a year-and-a-half it was awesome. This would be 1977, 1978. Then one day a whole bunch of scientists from OSHA [Occupational Safety and Health Administration] showed up and started testing reflective light etc., etc., because this was not regulation. At the end of that tour, our laserist was called to Washington, D.C., to meet with a panel of 50 people at OSHA, and they decided all these things we were doing in the show had to be stopped for safety reasons.

What about the cowbell?

We certainly didn't originate using the cowbell in a song. That's just a *Saturday Night Live* sketch.

Did you see the *SNL* skit?

I loved it. I was paralyzed by it, to tell you the truth. I watched it live in the family room of my house. I always watch *SNL* if I'm home on a Saturday night, and there's the sketch starting "Behind the Music: Blue Oyster Cult." I thought, *Oh, my God, they're going to cut us a new asshole!*

That must have been a surreal moment.

My jaw dropped. I was kind of worried because I thought they were going to mock us. They're really gonna screw us, fuck us over or something—but it turned out to be totally different. My phone started ringing.

You guys should get a piece of those "More Cowbell" shirts.

I know. "More Cowbell" has become part of the English language. I was reading *AutoWeek*—I'm a big car nut—and there was a car the reviewer said needed more cowbell.

Legacy has *(continued on page 100)*

PHOTO BY PAUL COX/LONDON FEATURES

That '70s Show: Eric Bloom, Allen Lanier and Buck Dharma.

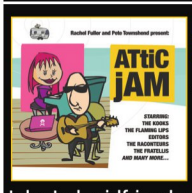
The Dirty Dozen

NEW CDS YOU NEED TO HEAR.

THE STOOGES
The Weirdness

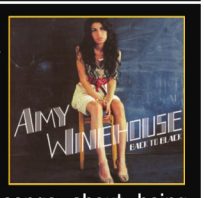
Iggy Pop regroups with his old bandmates to deliver this sonically sound disc. Although it may not capture the original urgency of the Stooges, *The Weirdness* is a welcome return and a nice reminder of how awesome the punk godfathers were to begin with.

RACHEL FULLER & PETE TOWNSHEND
Attic Jam



On a break from his day job as songwriting genius/guitarist for the Who, Townshend teams up with his talented girlfriend and welcomes a variety of fellow artists (notably the Flaming Lips, the Kooks and the Raconteurs) for this jam session-sounding collection. The refreshing results seem to remind Pete about the joy of making music.

AMY WINEHOUSE
Back to Black

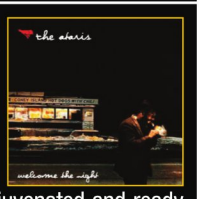


The boozy, twentysomething Brit sings with the soulful voice of a woman three times her age. The CD is packed with lots of vintage STAX/Motown Records-sounding songs about being drunk and disorderly. Highlights include "Rehab" and "You Know I'm No Good." Who doesn't love a girl who drinks?

THA DOGG POUND
Dogg Chit

Snoop Dogg's homies Kurupt and Daz return with a somewhat uneven collection featuring more of the West Coast G-funk y'all need. The highlight of the collection is "Vibe," featuring guest vocals from the big dog himself.

THE ATARIS
Welcome the Night



After selling millions of copies of their last CD, the Ataris have decided to go indie and start their own label. "Not Capable of Love" is a clear indication that the lads are rejuvenated and ready to rock.

MODEST MOUSE
We Were Dead Before the Ship Even Sank

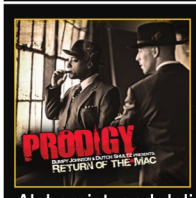
A review in rhyme: Poetic rockers return feeling strong. Replaced a guitarist after "Float On." This new lineup should go far. Because that guitar slinger is Johnny Marr. Noteworthy tracks include "We've Got Everything" and "Dashboard."

(continued on page 100)

MORE DIRTY DOZEN DISCS

THE APPEARANCE
Lost in Aurora

Southern California is a hotbed for Warped Tour-ready bands armed to the teeth with blaring guitars, angst-fueled lyrics and hooks galore. The Appearance is the latest. Their sound? Think Yellowcard without the fiddle. Plus, they have more than 45,000 MySpace friends, so who are we to argue?

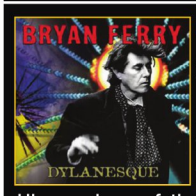


PRODIGY
Return of the Mac

Rapper Prodigy is best known for being one-half of Mobb Deep. On this latest solo outing he hooks up Eminem's DJ, the Alchemist, and delivers devastatingly dope results. Highlights include the slammin' "Take It From the Top" and "The Rotten Apple."

THE BAD PLUS
Prog

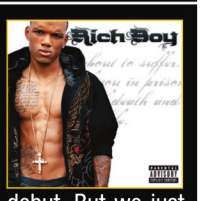
As on previous releases, this experimental jazz trio cleverly blends reconstructed versions of rock songs with wholly original tunes to create true masterpieces. Their latest album is no exception with "Tom Sawyer" by Rush and "Everybody Wants to Rule the World" by Tears for Fears getting jazzed this time.



BRYAN FERRY
Dylanesque

The smooth-crooning Roxy Music frontman takes a break to churn out a fantastic collection of early Bob Dylan covers. His versions of the folkie's best will probably be considered sacrilege by purists and have others saying, "Wow! So *that's* what Bob was singing."

RICH BOY
Debut



The first single, "Throw Some D's," is one of the hottest bangers in recent memory. That's just the tip of the iceberg on this talented rapper's debut. But we just have one problem—all the man cleavage on the front cover. So if somebody would just get that brother a shirt, we'd all be just fine.

THE FRATELLIS
Costello Music

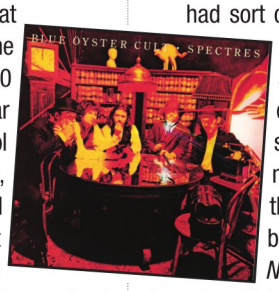
This Scottish trio is part of the supposed new British Invasion, which they might argue about because they're from Scotland. Punchy and hooky pop rock songs that you'll be humming long after the Fratellis' iPod commercial goes off the air permeate this disc.

BLUE OYSTER CULT Q&A

(continued from page 99)

reissued your CDs. In retrospect, is there anything you would change?

Especially interesting is the live DVD that comes in the *Some Enchanted Evening* package. It's some very raw footage, unmixed, just what it was that day. There's not even mics in the audience. You can see 18,000 people there, but you can't hear them. It was a sold-out Capitol Center show near Washington, D.C. It has the lasers and everything in it. I watched it about a month ago for the first time in years and was pleasantly surprised. We were actually okay, other than the shoes and the hair.



What is your favorite BOC album?

I always come back to *Secret Treaties*, which is our third album. It just turns out to have been the material that has made up our set forever, the songs people really want to hear. There are a lot of great songs on it. It was also an interesting year for us [1974], just before we hit it big.

The band's name and music conjure up images of evil and the supernatural. Did you have problems with religious groups, and what are some common misconceptions about BOC?

We lived through right-wing religious groups burning our records. They deemed them devil worship, etc. Any band that had sort of darker images had trouble. All our stuff came about because we were comic book, fantasy and science fiction nuts, just maybe a little more literate than most rock groups. We borrowed from movies, i.e., *Nosferatu*, *Godzilla* and *I Love the Night*, which is a vampire story. We used these images to create songs.

So you never stood in a pentagram and drank blood?

No, no, no! Not in a while.

Who is cooler: you or your cousin, Howard Stern?

I haven't talked to Howard in years. So he's not being cool by not being in touch.

Now that you're older, do you "Fear the Reaper"?

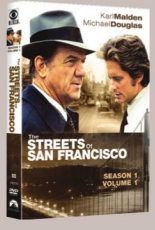
(*Laughs.*) Every day!

DVDs: The Best of the Boob Tube

A look at some of TV's greatest hits now available on DVD

THE BRADY BUNCH
The Complete Series

Everybody sing along: "Here's the story of the complete series, packed up in a supergroovy box. It's all here on DVD, including Cousin Oliver and the thing about pork chops, plus Johnny Bravo chucking a football right at Marsha's face ("Oh, My Nose!"). It's a show we all remember, now all in just one place. *The Brady Bunch! The Brady Bunch!*"

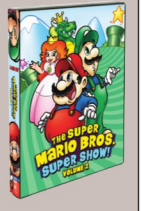


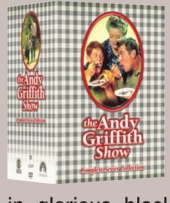
THE STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO
Season 1, Volume 1 (1972)

Long before he was simply known as that lucky old bastard who gets to sleep with Catherine Zeta-Jones, Michael Douglas was an up-and-coming actor. In the 1970s he costarred with Karl Malden in this gritty cop drama. Finally on DVD, the series' early offerings hold up surprisingly well compared to today's top crime series.

THE SUPER MARIO BROS. SUPER SHOW!
Volumes 1 & 2

Video game fans and wrestling enthusiasts alike will appreciate this cheesy Saturday-morning cartoon series from the 1980s. The best part is the live-action segments featuring professional wrestler Captain Lou Albano as Mario, with guests including Cyndi Lauper and very young *Baywatch* babe Nicole Eggert.





THE ANDY GRIFFITH SHOW
The Complete Series

Just seeing Don Knotts at the height of his comic genius in glorious black-and-white is worth the price of admission alone. This down-home comedy is as American as a slice of homemade apple pie. Who doesn't love a nice hot piece of pie?

HERMIT No More!

EVERYBODY LOVES HUSTLER, including Herman's Hermits lead singer Peter Noone, who recently stopped by our offices to reminisce on the British Invasion of the '60s and his appearance on a popular contemporary TV show.

PHOTO BY KEITH VALCOURT

HUSTLER: What do you think about the music business?

PETER NOONE: I always said that the Sex Pistols were my favorite band. Not for my personal taste of the music, but for the business. They said, "We are just gonna show up with our gear and never mind the bollocks." The bollocks [British slang for "nonsense"] are a hairdresser, a limo, a hanger-on, a driver. This set of people and that is a load of bollocks. We came out at a time when the Beatles, the Stones and us Herman Hermits came in and were self-contained. We just walked in and played. Nowadays 99% of showbiz is the bollocks.

You were just on *American Idol*. Isn't that the ultimate in bollocks?

I think it's probably much better to play in bars and then play the next-best bar than start on such a huge stage. If people are going to hate you, they may as well hate you in a small room. The TV thing is a lot of trickery.

If I were a young performer today, I'd take the bowl of maggots if people said, "Do you want to be a contestant on *American Idol* or eat a bowl of maggots?" I'd say give me the bowl because I can get through that quick.

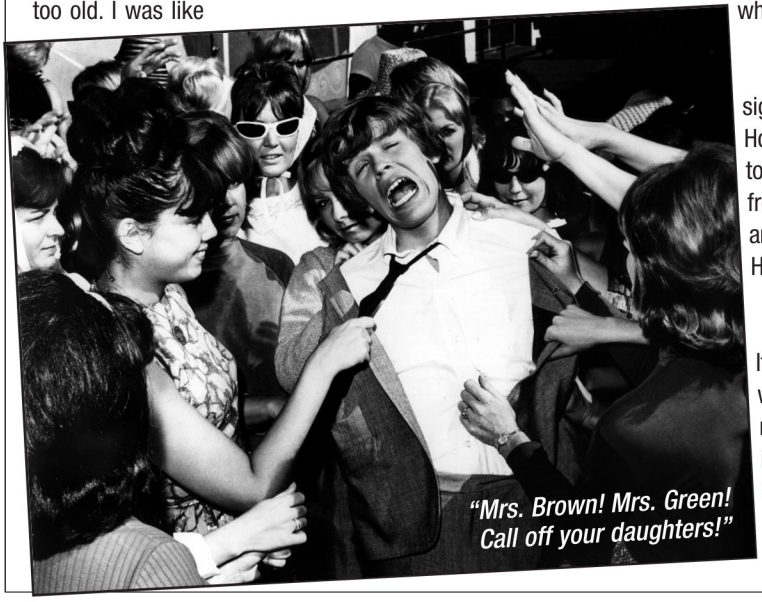
They [*American Idol* contestants] are not well-served—coming out in an arena that large.

What was the British Invasion like?

We couldn't go to the terminal at Dallas. The police made us get off a commercial plane at another part of the airport because there were so many people in the terminal waiting for us that they were afraid of a riot. We were running all the time. In 1965 we did 360 concerts and made a couple of records. Every day, all we cared about was making hit records.

Were there groupies?

Yeah. We couldn't get at the professional ones because they were too old. I was like 15 and 16, and most 18-year-old girls don't want to go out with a 15-year-old guy. We avoided the girls that were good at it and just got the ones that were fresh. Later I used to hang around with [Rolling Stones guitarist] Brian Jones because he was a chick magnet. I instantly made friends with him because all these girls were hanging around.


"Mrs. Brown! Mrs. Green! Call off your daughters!"

At parties he would go in the other room and smoke dope. Then I could talk to the chicks. I would steal his girlfriends. People in those days who did drugs would go into a separate room. Most of the girls back then didn't do any drugs. All these guys thought I was so lame for not going in to do the drugs. Truth was, I would do their girlfriends while they were in there.

What is the origin of the name Herman's Hermits?

We were in a bar in Manchester, and I've never had great eyesight. I used to wear these Buddy Holly-type glasses and do Buddy Holly impersonations. This drunk said, "Who the fuck are you trying to be?!" I told him Buddy Holly, and he said, "You look like Sherman from *The Rocky & Bullwinkle Show*." He was mumbling "Sherman and Herman" and then said, "Why don't you call yourself the Bloody Hermits 'cause you look like bloody hermits?"

How lovely was Mrs. Brown's Daughter?

She was a Jewish girl named Wendy Herman from Manchester. It's funny that her name was Herman, because it was years before we became Herman's Hermits. We used to play that song at bar mitzvahs and change the names of people. Depending on the night, it was "Mrs. Silverman, you've got a lovely daughter" or "Mrs. Goldberg, you've got a lovely daughter" or Mrs. Green, ex-Greenberg, became Green. That one was "Mrs. Green, you've got an ugly daughter," as I remember.

"No, really. Your pussy is sweet, but there's still no way
I can give *you* car insurance!"

MOVIE Mammaries

BODY HEAT

KATHLEEN TURNER
Former Head-Turner

LONG AGO IN A MYSTICAL PLACE known as 1980s Hollywood, actress **Kathleen Turner** was a true knockout—and seductive to boot. We know what you're thinking: "How in the hell could that bloated, gravelly voiced creature who looks like a linebacker in drag ever have been attractive?" Well, come with us as we take a trip down Mammary Lane to inspect Turner's once-astounding body of work.

It started in 1981 with **Lawrence Kasdan**'s groundbreaking *Body Heat*, which motivated men of a certain age to sneak into an R-rated movie. Kathleen kept her lovely breasts on display for much of the film, getting it on in several sweat-soaked sex scenes with costar **William Hurt**.

Those bouncing boobies resurfaced in *A Breed Apart* (1984), which showed off more of her true talents during a bedroom romp with **Rutger Hauer**. That same year the superpassionate *Crimes of Passion* delivered several further peeks at Turner's perfect peaks. Besides letting one of her nasty nipples loose in the back of a limo, the sultry vixen later rolled around in satin sheets, wearing nothing but a thong and a smile—much to the delight of her costars (**Bruce Davison** and **Anthony Perkins**) and the movie's audience.

The last blast of Turner titillation came in the 1989 black comedy *War of the Roses*, opposite **Michael Douglas** and **Danny DeVito**. Although the 5-foot-10 blonde enjoyed a few more good years in the looks department, we're thankful that Turner knew when to finally say no to onscreen nudity.

A BREED APART

Rent These NOW!

FOREVER MINE

JUST LOOKING

ATTRACTION

THE NOTORIOUS BETTIE PAGE

CRIMES OF PASSION

A BREED APART

WAR OF THE ROSES

GRETCHEN MOL: What a Doll!

THE NOTORIOUS BETTIE PAGE

WE SURE DO LOVE A YOUNG HOLLYWOOD STARLET who's willing to do whatever it takes to get noticed on the road to fame. For eager newcomers, that usually means stripping down and letting it all hang out as the cameras roll. One of our favorite up-and-comers is **Gretchen Mol**. For a riveting glimpse at her finer points, check out *Forever Mine* (1999). Back when she was still an aspiring thespian, gorgeous Gretchen rolled around in a strikingly convincing sex scene offering long, tantalizing looks at her luscious melons.

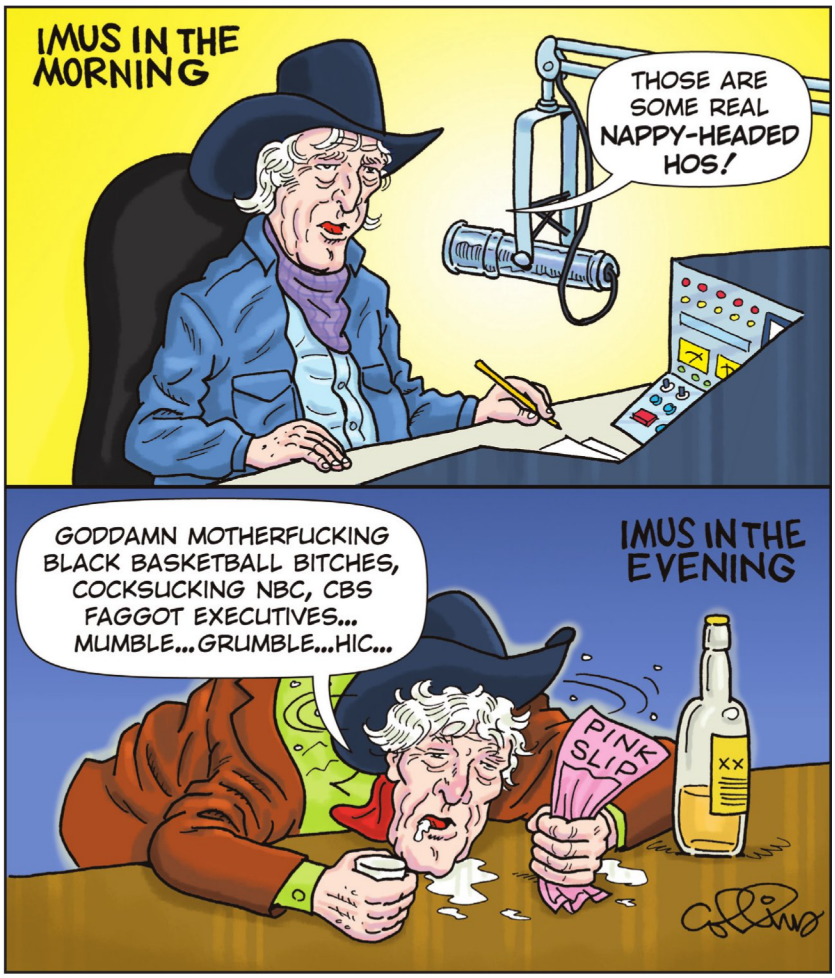
For more of the mouthwatering moll's massive mams, catch 1999's *Just Looking*, which serves up a sizzling, topless tryst, and the boob-dangling *Attraction* (2000).

Finally, Mol's blossoming career took a major step forward with her portrayal of a real-life 1950s pinup girl in *The Notorious Bettie Page*. For this provocative role, the blond looker with killer legs went all out, dyeing her hair jet-black and displaying her ample bosom for a sizable portion of the flick.

Lucky for all of us, Gretchen Mol has yet to become a household name. We can't wait for more "indecent" exposure on the big screen while she works her way up Tinseltown's ladder of success.

If you have enjoyed these film suggestions, then do yourself a favor: Run out and rent them. Now! Yes, today! Remember, every month HUSTLER brings you the best in cinematic flesh. Let us know what you think by e-mailing us at *NakedCelebs@LFP.com*.

"I do every dirty thing the White House tells me to do. I get caught, and they throw me to the dogs! Fucking gringos!"


IMUS IN THE MORNING
THOSE ARE SOME REAL NAPPY-HEADED HOS!
GODDAMN MOTHERFUCKING BLACK BASKETBALL BITCHES, COCKSUCKING NBC, CBS FAGGOT EXECUTIVES... MUMBLE...GRUMBLE...HIC...
IMUS IN THE EVENING
PINK SLIP
XX

(continued from page 44) Stanford was reportedly given $35,000 in "hush" money and currently receives $3,000 to $4,000 a month in child support.

So, to Reverends Al and Jesse—and to all of the other would-be speech police—I say this: "Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones!"

ALTHOUGH DON IMUS HAS A HISTORY OF OFFENDING PEOPLE (so do I, for that matter), he shouldn't have been fired for his comments. His remarks are no better than what's often found in black entertainment. Obviously, it only matters when nonblacks hurl racial epithets against African Americans. You can't place certain terms off-limits according to race (language cannot be separate but equal) because you find them personally offensive. Man up and get some self-love!

I'm nappy and happy—and I'm a ho (although the correct term is *whore*). I don't find words demeaning at all; it's all in the power you give them. They cannot hurt you if you don't acknowledge them as something hurtful. Those terms signify ignorance, revealing something about the person who utters them. Thus, I find these words funny—and not angering at all.

We are making a ruckus out of something entirely stupid. Rap artists Ludacris, MIMS, etc., call women whores, sluts, bitches and other racial/sexual slurs, depicting them as sex objects—but still win Grammies.

Yet this white radio dude says one offbeat remark, and the whole world is up in arms. It's Imus's opinion, and it's his right to speak his mind. It may be rude, and it may be wrong, but it's his right, and he can say it. (BTW: Doesn't Howard Stern do the same thing?)

Returning to the double standard: Black people can call each other niggers and whores, but let a white, Latino, Asian or any other person except an African American call us that, and we get pissed off?! It's really stupid.

Remember that popular children's rhyme? *Sticks and stones may break my bones/But words will never hurt me.*

More people should practice this! If it's a good enough rule for kindergarteners to follow, it's good enough for adults.

Now stop pouting, Rutgers, and get back to ballin' as only you gals can!

Combining beauty, brains and bravado, Sun Karma is an actress, exotic dancer, nude model and gifted wordsmith. The HUSTLER roving reporter and two-time Real College Girl, who has a master's degree in psychology and is pursuing a Ph.D. at Virginia Commonwealth University, has written numerous books, notably Absinthe: Prosaic Bouts of Delirium, The Lilitu: The Best of Sundari Prasad and the soon-to-be-published Pure: Stories of Addiction.

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KATARINA KAT

SEX DU SOLEIL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LADI VON JANSKY

Ladies and gentlemen! Porn fans of all stripes! Please focus your attention on the center ring. Feast your eyes on **Katarina Kat**, mistress of the high wire. Her beauty will astound you! Her charms will captivate you! But most of all, you'll be mesmerized as she performs death-defying acrobatics naked as the day she was born!

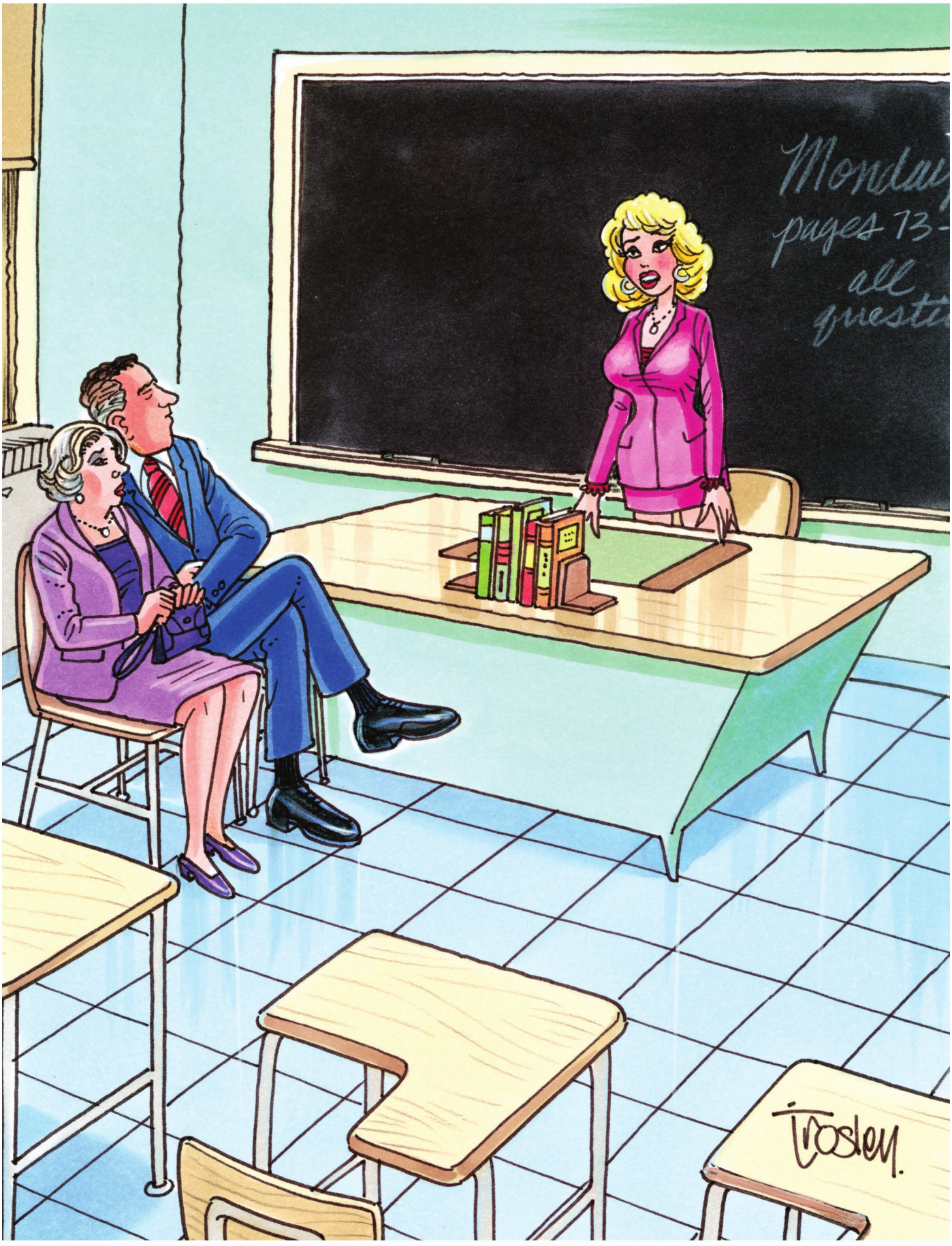
Hailing from the mysterious nation of Kazakhstan (yes, *that* place), lovely **Katarina** has spent most of her life entertaining adoring audiences. “I have been in the circus ever since I was a little girl,” the delightful daredevil recalls. “I won a gold medal in Monte Carlo for being the first woman to do a trapeze act in high heels. It was only after a 40-foot fall from the high wire, damaging both of my wrists, that I decided to do something else.” Namely modeling nude, then taking the big plunge into hard-core videos. “I have worked for many years to get my body in this great shape,” **Katarina** proclaims, “so why not let the world see what I have to offer?!”

KATARINA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMELAND:
"Kazakhstan, really!"
AGE: 21
BIRTH SIGN: Leo
HEIGHT: 5-6

Can sex with the spry hottie be described as "The Greatest Show on Earth"? **Katarina** coos, "Yes, it can be, depending on how flexible the guy is. To be my lover, you must be limber and able to get into as many different positions as possible. I am certainly not a missionary kind of gal." Nor is she a fan of Sascha Baron Cohen's blockbuster flick. "I hate that *Borat* movie!" **Katarina** bellows. "It was funny, but my homeland came off like a joke. In reality, Kazakhstan is a vibrant place full of sexy people."

To which we respond: *Nice!* Sexy time!



"I've asked you to come in to talk about your son Jason's problem... premature ejaculation."

HUSTLER ON CAMPUS

The Next Left

Yale University's David Thier looks into the rebirth of a 1960s revolutionary icon.

The modern-day manifestation of SDS is getting its message across.

PHOTO BY BRENDAN DUNN/COURTESY NEXTLEFTNOTES.COM

There's an old flag being painted fresh on college campuses these days. It bears a fist, angular and sharp, thrust skyward in defiance above three letters: SDS. Many never expected to see that banner again.

SDS stands for Students for a Democratic Society, a radical group that in the '60s was in the vanguard of what was then called the "New Left." It was SDS—concerned about racial inequality, poverty and the nuclear arms race—that in 1962 drafted the generation's rallying cry, "The Port Huron Statement." As the Vietnam War escalated, SDS became a major player in nationwide protests—notably a student revolt that shut down Columbia University in 1968. Later that year, SDS members fought the police in the streets of Chicago during the Democratic Party's National Convention.

Tear gas, batons and handcuffs couldn't stop SDS, but infighting at its 1969 national convention signaled impending doom. Torn between various factions—including Marxists, Maoists and anarchists—SDS eventually fell apart and died. A splinter group advocating armed struggle—the infamous Weather Underground—made headlines with the "Days of Rage" melee in Chicago, as well as bombings of police stations and even a U.S. Senate cloakroom. But as the Vietnam War ended, consumerism, materialism and political indifference made SDS's fiery rhetoric and idealism seem antiquated, if not completely irrelevant.

But three decades later the ravages of globalization, the destruction of the environment and the Iraq War have revealed a political system as rotten as the one that had invaded Indochina. Inspired by the actions of their parents' generation, students across America have begun to paint their banners, affix buttons and take to the streets to demand fundamental change. SDS is back.

Connecticut high-school student Pat Korte issued the call in January 2006 with the help of veteran SDSers like Al Haber and Paul Buhle, coauthor of several books about the Hollywood Blacklist. The decision to revive the name has drawn criticism, but as a member of Brown University's chapter pointed out, "It's been a very powerful tool."

By March 2006 the born-again SDS was clashing with the police and even the Secret Service. In August '06, about 200 students gathered in Chicago to eat beans, sleep on a church floor and build a revolution—the first SDS national conclave since 1969.

Single-issue groups currently dominate student activism, but SDS feels that pressing social issues shouldn't be isolated. "Racism, sexism, the Iraq War—all these things are related," asserts an original SDSer now at Manhattan's New School for Social Research.

The new SDS does not want to focus on what it opposes. Instead of concentrating on ending sweatshops, for example, it advocates building a society that doesn't require them. Meanwhile, the fledgling group has blocked military convoys, held rallies and filled paddy wagons in pursuit of social justice. On March 12, 2007, 20 students occupying a military-recruitment center in New York City were arrested. Use of the venerable sit-in may cause some to rejoice, while giving conservatives pause as they recall segregated lunch counters and besieged campuses back in the '60s.

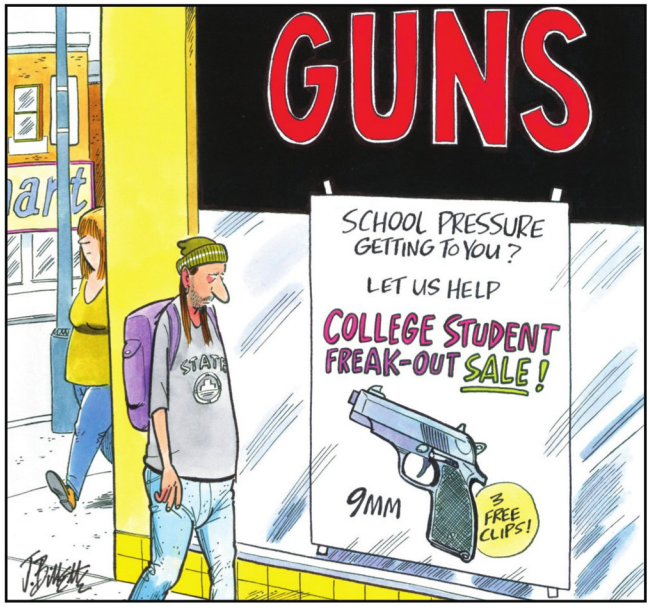
Although cognizant of its predecessor's failings, the new SDS is facing some of the same problems. Besides apathy, many students are either disconnected from politics or unwilling to commit to the group's bold agenda. It's also questionable if today's SDSers can reach out to this silent majority. When veteran radical Michael Albert asked students at the national convention if they'd ever attended a football game, only five hands rose.

It's even difficult persuading die-hard activists to join. At Yale, where single-issue groups abound, most students aren't ready to embrace the radicalism that SDS embodies.

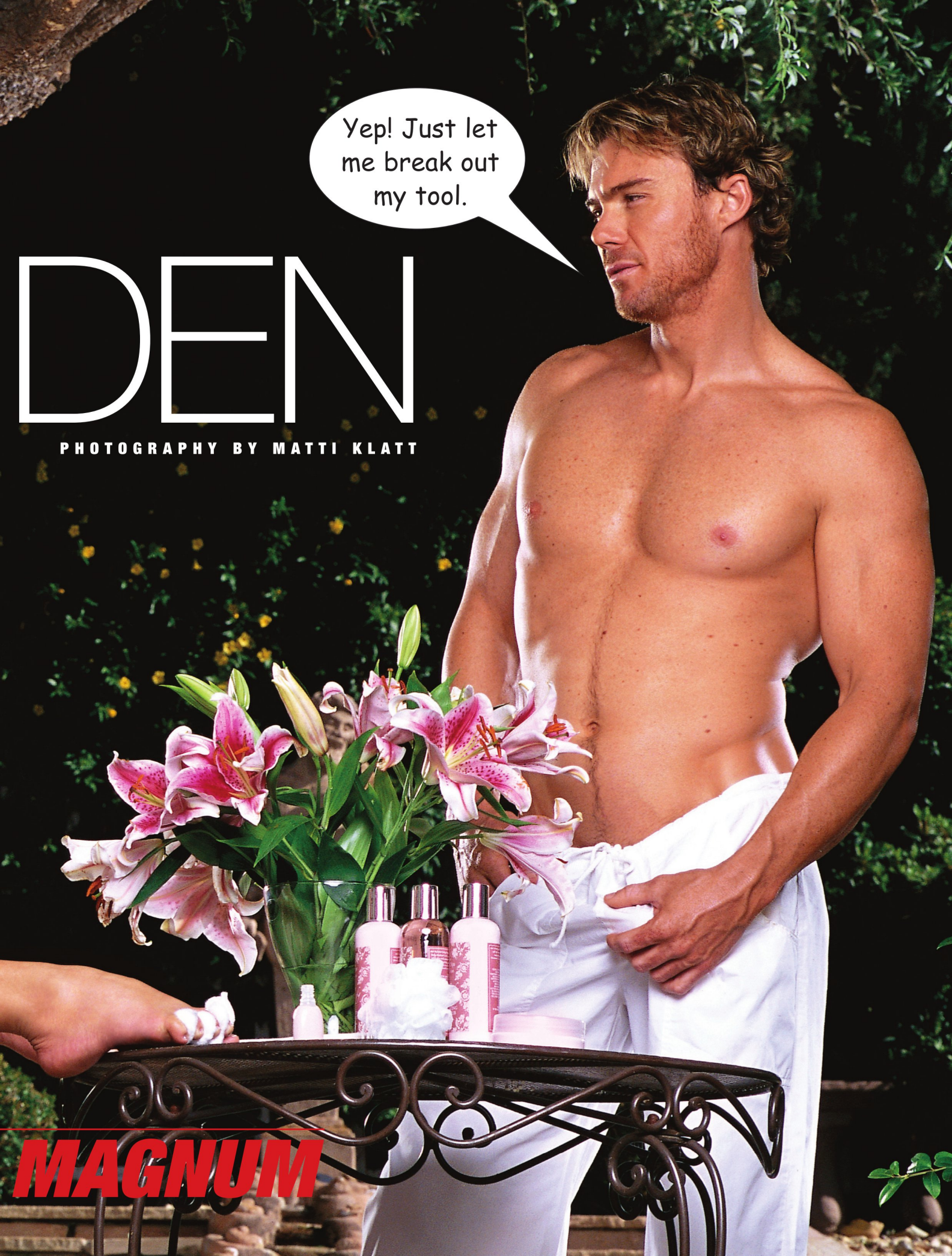
Still, SDS has grown tremendously, now numbering over 2,000 members. While the national organization remains in a formative stage, the New York City sit-in and other actions have shown what individual chapters are capable of. It remains to be seen whether this bright-eyed, bandanna-clad cadre of revolutionaries has the clout to build a nationwide student movement.

David Thier is a Yale University sophomore who writes for the Yale Daily News.

Attention college reporters: If you have an idea for a story involving your school—streaking, stripping, partying, pranks, protests, political or censorship issues—contact us at *Features@LFP.com.*



THE GARDEN OF E
Oh, gardener, can you prune my bush?
JASMINE BYRNE & JUSTIN



DEN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

MAGNUM

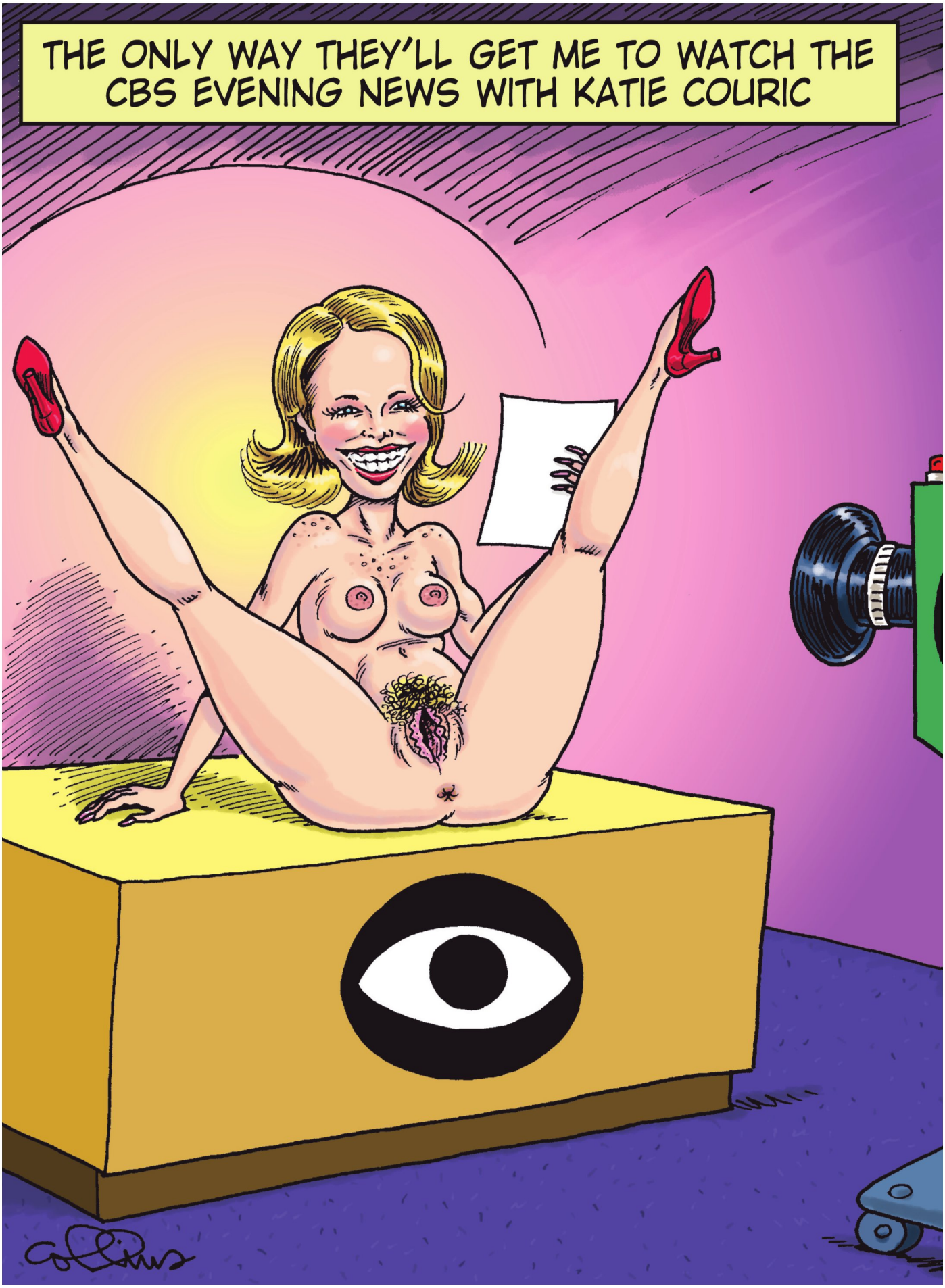
Mmmm.She sure knows how to handle a hose.

This beats whackin' weeds!

Man, do I love tilling a juicy furrow!
Wow! Keep that up, and I'll be watering the flowers!

Now I've got a sack of seeds for ya!
Plant your pole deeper, baby! Oh, yeah!

See Jasmine Byrne sizzle in *Kill Jill*, *Aphrodisiac*, *Britney Rears #3*, *Memphis Does Hollywood*, *Latina Crack Attack* and *Latina Cum Queens #2* from HUSTLER Video. Call (toll-free) 877-325-6464 or visit HustlerHollywood.com to order.


THE ONLY WAY THEY'LL GET ME TO WATCH THE CBS EVENING NEWS WITH KATIE COURIC

BLUE-MOVIE SHOWCASE

EDITED BY MARK JOHNSON

*Spread the love: Color-blind babes Marie Luv and Lela Star (right) kill some **Racial Tension**.*

*Come to the dark side: **RT2**'s Chelsie Rae plays a creamy-white filling to the hilt.*

Racial Tension #2

JULES JORDAN VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** MIKE JOHN. **STARRING:** ANNETTE SCHWARZ, MARIE LUV, LELA STAR, CHELSIE RAE, NATASHA NICE, KEANNI LEI, SEAN MICHAELS, TIM VON SWINE, MR. MARCUS, LEE BANG, TONY EVEREADY, SLEDGE HAMMER, MIKE HASH, TONE CAPONE, STEVE HOLMES, RICK KANE, LEFTY LARUE, DICK NASTY, TEE REEL, ARNOLD SCHWARZENPECKER & MARK KANE.

With race-baiting a national pastime, here's a flick that plays like a timely work of topical genius. Okay, that's an exaggeration, but this new double-disc installment in Mike John's interracial serial is a helluva lot more fun than a Sharpton-Imus debate. After a standard opener with filth fräulein Annette Schwarz, we meet Sean Michaels's little sister, played by lithe, milk-choco hottie Marie Luv. She nearly sparked a race riot in *Part 1* with her blow-bang shenanigans and still hasn't learned her lesson. Troublemaker Tim Von Swine (the name fits) and his buddy coax Marie into one of her fuck-my-fucking-tight-black-ass-with-your-white-dick moods. Heading out to even the score, Sean's homeboys get side-tracked into an old-school bukkake featuring cum-hungry Chelsie Rae. Mr. Marcus, meanwhile, tracks down Von Swine's surfer-slut sis, Natasha Nice. *Racial Tension*'s tit-for-tat eats up four fucking hours, so there's plenty of two-tone bang for your buck, with standout scenes from Schwarz, Luv and Keanni Lei. In the whack-worthy finale, rivals white and black finally bond by gang-banging the Asian nympho. Ah, racial harmony! But don't expect it to last: Von Swine sees the video of naughty Natasha getting a mouthful of black-man payback. The cycle of revenge-fucking continues. Hey, Al, the race war is good for something, after all! ***—M.J.***

Ain't hard out here for a pimp: Kaleah (left), Alicia Tyler (right) and Diamond Star (below) do the titular ***Hustle & Blow #3***.

*Alexis Amore, Eva Angelina and Mark Ashley wreck **X Rated**'s chances for a PG-13.*

Hustle & Blow #3

HUSTLER VIDEO. **DIRECTOR:** SHOOTER. **STARRING:** DIAMOND STAR, ALICIA TYLER, ICE LA FOX, KALEAH, ALAYAH SASHU, WESLEY PIPES, MAXX BLACC, DEEP THREAT, WEED & MACK 10.

With albums like *Bang or Ball* and *Hustla's Handbook*, multimillion-selling West Coast rapper Mack 10 was destined to hook up with the original HUSTLA sooner or later. This disc opens with his crew "waitin' on pussy" and dropping lines like "My dick is hard enough to cut diamonds!" They're too broke (or too cheap) to pay any "fuckin' hos," so ol' Mack hooks his boys up with the finest from Flynt casting. Judging by the hollers of "Damn, you my nigga!" they appreciate the gesture. Mack 10's hit track "Pop" kicks off a dick-stiffening party of video-ho booty-shaking, then Wesley Pipes grabs Diamond Star for some private time. Bitchin' and moanin' like she's too sweet for porn, the little gem whines about Pipes being too big. He ain't havin' it, telling her to shut up and keep her ass up and work his pipe right. A couple of underlit scenes later (who forgot to pay the electric bill?), we get gorgeous ghetto gals Alicia Tyler and Kaleah teasing us with a taste of how good they can be. Oddly, the best scene may be the nonsex "Hustle & Blow Death Match" between greased-up chickfighters Alayah Sashu and Diamond Star. The bout is mostly a lot of half-naked rolling around and leg-humping, but Alayah somehow wins "Queen o' the Hood." Maybe it's because the bitch has an ass like two volleyballs in a rubber bag. Now *that's* what we're talkin' about! ***—M.J.***

X Rated

FUSXION. **DIRECTOR:** PAT MYNE. **STARRING:** EVA ANGELINA, ALEXIS AMORE, KELLY WELLS, CHRISTIE LEE, SANDRA ROMAIN, JADA FIRE, MISSY MONROE, MARK ASHLEY, L.T. TURNER, CARLTON BANKS, LEE BANG, ACE, BEN ENGLISH, SASCHA, CHRIS CHARMING, MARK WOOD, MR. PETE, JOE BLOW, BARRY SCOTT, NICK EAST, ARNOLD SCHWARTZENPECKER & CLAUDIO MELONI.

Director Pat Myne's 100th movie for Metro's Fusxion line gets the deluxe treatment with a three-disc collector's edition. Shot and edited in high-definition widescreen, the three-hour director's cut of the film itself features a who's who of porn's raunchiest performers pulling out all the stops. From Missy Monroe's five-guy blow-bang to Jada Fire's squirt-inducing DP to Sandra Romain's double vag/double anal and everything in between, Myne goes the extra mile to create his definitive "fuck movie." Consider this: With 100 flicks under his belt and an average of five scenes in each, he has taken balls in the face roughly 500 times to capture a great gonzo scene from the nut's-eye view. And with the army of dudes he brought onboard for *X Rated*, Myne is on the the way to an even thousand. That's dedication to his craft, people. It's not all free BJ's on the set for this fun-loving, everyman auteur. He cares about his viewers, and it's apparent in the final product. Disc 2 includes eight scenes from Pat's *AVN* Award-nominated releases, featuring Dana Vespoli, Judy Star, Mandy Bright and more. Disc 3—with interviews and tons of behind-the-scenes shenanigans spanning his career—brings the video content to a grand total of almost eight hours. Pat Myne finally gets the fanfare he deserves, and gonzo fans have a veritable buttload to celebrate. ***—Kevin Wright***

*Jamie Elle gets ready for a splash course in **A Teen's Guide to Squirting.***

***Squirting** teens Sindee Jennings (above left and below) and Isabella drill for wildfire season.*

*Taste the essence: Kelly Wells (above and below left) and Jada Fire (below right) go the extra **X**.*

A Teen's Guide to Squirting

JM PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTOR:** JIM POWERS. **STARRING:** JAMIE ELLE, BRANDI LACE, ISABELLA, SINDEE JENNINGS, DREHDON, RICK MASTERS, JENNER & DIRTY HARRY.

Get ready for a gush-aganza! Porn's most reliable goofball, Jim Powers, shows why he deserves his *AVN* Director of the Year Award with this new, candy-colored journey into Powersville. Cute Sindee Jennings and a clutch of horny cum queens play pigtailed teens out to "discover the mystery of the squirt." *Guide* opens with Jamie Elle having a seriously weird wet dream involving a giant gushing pussy and buckets of pajama-drenching lady juice. Fun stuff, but the best sequence might be the squealing "squirt off" between Sindee and Isabella. Powers's uncanny directorial talent shows in the exuberance and commitment he always gets from his performers, whether they're de-chroming a trailer hitch or playing fire hydrant. Expect this bevy of ultra-hydrated geyser gals to be a bigger rush than a never-ending water slide. Dare we say it? Jim Powers just might be the new Scorsese of the squirt flick! ***—M.J.***

Memphis *and Mya Luanna show Scott Nails what it's like to work at HUSTLER.*

Memphis *(above and below right) lures Lacie Heart to her* ***Dark Side.***

The Dark Side of Memphis

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: AXEL BRAUN. STARRING: MEMPHIS MONROE, MYA LUANNA, LACIE HEART, JENNIFER DARK, ANA NOVA, SCOTT NAILS, JAY LASSITER, CHRIS CHARMING & SASCHA.

HUSTLER contract star Memphis Monroe explores her dirtiest, wildest and, yes, darkest fantasies in *The Dark Side of Memphis*. Apparently, her hairdresser took the title a little too literally, transforming the blonde into an even hotter brunette. Each scene starts with the 21-year-old Kentucky native confessing her secret desire to perform every immoral act short of fucking a chicken. Shattering her image as a nice, cute, girl-next-door type (assuming the girl next door is 36C-24-36 and a floozie), Memphis unleashes her sluttiness in three of the film's five dangerously passionate scenes. One partner is Lacie Heart, who unleashes her inner lesbo, aggressively licking and pawing Memphis in a tryst that's anything but tame. Memphis returns the favor by Frenching Lacie's asshole as they 69 before grinding on each other with a double-ended dildo. The self-proclaimed "dirty, horny, bisexual bitch" turns whip-cracking dominatrix, at least toward caged costar Mya Luanna during a raucous threeway with lucky fucker Scott Nails. Meanwhile, the anal festivities are outsourced to two Euro babes—skinny Jennifer Dark and busty Ana Nova. Ana's wanton DP is a ball-drainer on both sides of the screen, leaving her face and tits glazed with cum. But Memphis can match Ana load for load, even taking a shot in the eye and up her nose at the end of her own hot-and-heavy ménage à trois. Memphis looks like a goddess and fucks like a demon. If you liked her before, you ain't seen nothing yet. She completely cuts loose in *The Dark Side of Memphis*, her hardest-hitting flick to date. ***—K.W.***

*Charlie Laine gives Nautica Thorn an **All Access** pass.*

*Executive treatment: The **All**-ways **Access**-ible Nautica Thorn personally screens her talent.*

***Lascivious Latinas** Rebeca Linares (left) and Cassandra Cruz are some of the hottest dishes on **#5**'s menu.*

Lascivious Latinas #5

ANABOLIC DIGITAL. **DIRECTOR:** ROB E. DIGITAL. **STARRING:** REBECA LINARES, SAMMY CRUZ, ALICIA ANGEL, MONICA BREEZE, LAURIE VARGAS, ADRIANA FAUST, CASSANDRA CRUZ, SCOTT NAILS, PASCAL SAINT JAMES, SASCHA, STEVEN FRENCH & BRIAN SUREWOOD.

Head south of the border without leaving the living room with this extra-spicy scorcher. The seven *chicas* on hand are all hotter than *habaneros* and do their horny heritage proud. Anabolic swears that every tortilla-colored ass in this flick has an authentic Latin American pedigree, but you won't care once things get underway. Monica Breeze shows us the ins and outs of the *culo* with a sizzling anal, while Cassandra Cruz uses her deft *lengua* to handle two gringos at once. Not even a Minuteman could resist the way Cassandra begs, *"Dame mas!"* (Give me more!) And that's just the beginning. Stick around for Rebeca Linares and the always-alluring Adriana Faust. The flick's *caliente* cuties—all top-notch, raven-haired beauties with skills only a Catholic upbringing can guarantee—will keep your TV screen steamed up for the full three hours. You'd better have some ice-cold *agua* on hand. ***—M.J.***

All Access

LFP VIDEO/NAUTICA THORN PRODUCTIONS. **DIRECTORS:** NAUTICA THORN, SANCHO & PAYASO. **STARRING:** NAUTICA THORN, KATJA KASSIN, NAUDIA NYCE, NAOMI, KAT, ALEXA LYNN, CHARLIE LAINE, TOMMY GUNN, ANTHONY HARDWOOD, SCOTT NAILS, JERRY & NICK MANNING.

Nautica Thorn leaps from starlet to impresario with *All Access*, the first release from her own production company. She stars in two of the film's six scorching scenes, firing up Tommy Gunn to kick things off and chomping on Ms. Charlie Laine for a kinky finale. The "plot" turns behind-the-scenes footage into the feature itself. This premise works when the camera follows Nautica, but no one needs to see burly crew members chowing down on craft service grub while the girls get their hair done. Although Nautica is arguably sexier in street clothes than she is dolled up as if for some perverted prom, there's no doubt she's blossomed from legal-teen sensation to bona fide A-lister. Kat and a slim, raven-haired Katja Kassin (who just wouldn't be happy with anything less than two guys tearing her a new asshole) handle the butt-load of dirty work. On the opposite pole, Naudia Nyce and Naomi eschew cock altogether. Pairing two raunchy chicks almost seems like a waste—until they start attacking each other's pussies like a great white on the Fourth of July and ramming each other in the butt with a strap-on. Still adhering to her strict lez-only policy, sexy little Charlie Laine won't even touch a cock, but she has no qualms with being tied up, blindfolded and ravished by Nautica, who comes so hard that she almost squirts. *All Access* is an auspicious directorial debut, but with Ms. Thorn still having this much fun, it doesn't look like she'll stop fucking anytime soon. ***—K.W.***

JADA FIRE

Interracial Inferno

PHOTO COURTESY ELEGANT ANGEL

NOW *THIS* IS HOW YOU ACHIEVE RACIAL HARMONY.

With a nine-year firestorm of scorching performances, gonzo phenomenon Jada Fire has burned her way to the top of black and interracial hardcore. Her reputation for professionalism and solid salability have made the voluptuous L.A. native the world's number one black porn star.

On the set of the latest *Sista* picture from the pioneers at Afro-Centric, Jada talked with us about how to fuck with sheer honesty and about the latent racism that still plagues adult entertainment.

"I work more than the average black girl in this business," says the deep-chocolate beauty, lounging in a makeup chair before her girl/girl scene with Lacey Duvalle. "Most girls work for a while and take a break. I been the longest consistent black bitch in the business! I never took a break!"

Now 31, Jada launched her career in the late '90s, when the porn industry was finally waking up to the profit potential of black titles. Demand and pay have since boomed in that niche, but when it comes to awards, snubs are still the rule. "*AVN* nominated me a few times already for Female Performer of the Year," Jada reflects. "Why keep nominating me if you're not going to give it to me? I see how y'all feel about black women: Y'all really overlookin' them, and that's kind of fucked up."

Ten minutes later, Jada shows us why she should get every prize there is, delving deep into another steamy tryst with her trademark intensity. Quickly taking charge and working with a second-nature awareness of timing and picture, Jada tongues and finger-bangs her squealing girlfriend as hard as the law allows, growling in that throaty purr her fans know so well, "You like that? You like it when I stretch open your tight pussy like that?"

Director Jax turns to his crew with a big grin on his face. "Not a second wasted," he marvels. "That's Jada. She nails it every time. That's why everybody wants to work with her."

Sista 23 is set to be an all-femme smash, but it's a cuddly affair compared with the intense interracial boy-girl work that's made Jada famous. "When I'm doing a scene with a guy, he's my man," she says. "I love him and make him feel like he's my man. Some guys are nervous, but I just work around the way you perform. If you mellow, I'll be mellow and just spice it up a little bit. If you're crazy, then I'll be crazy wit' yo' ass and jus' be goin' blow for blow.

"Girls say to me, 'Girl, you're my hero; you can take it.' I done choking, slapping, spitting—I done all that shit. Yeah, I can take it. Partly because I don't bring no personal shit in with me. This is a job. I do it for real, then I'm gone. It's all about performance."

Long known for her squirt talents, Jada recently took over the demanding Squirtwoman

Jada with director Jax on the set of ***Sista #23****, heating up* ***X Rated*** *(left) and* ***Gaped Crusaders*** *(opposite, below).*

role from gush queen Cytherea, sparking a sales bonanza for the series. It was a clear signal to everyone that the alchemy of black appeal and consummate skill are a formula for gold. Elegant Angel quickly signed Jada up for a sequel and spin-offs like *Squirt in My Gape*.

Jada now commands some of the highest per-scene rates in her niche, but there's no scarcity of young black talent reaching for the same heights. "Right now it's all about Jada and Marie [Luv]," Jax explains. "But both black and interracial are growing, and there's plenty of potential. Soon as you have somebody with the looks who can perform at Jada's level, they will *kill* it."

With interracial racking up big bucks and performers across the board under pressure to do more multiethnic work, not even a respected icon is immune to the inevitable racial tension. According to Jada, "Some of the girls be like, 'I'm not touchin' a black girl or a black guy. I don't do interracial.' I can't believe fuckin' ignorant people like that still exist out there. I get girls gigglin' and givin' me hugs and everything else, then they fuckin' say, 'I don't do interracial.' That hurts my feelings. But I also think, *You're a fake. You actin' like you love everybody, but in reality, you don't. That's fucked up. You just missin' out!*

In an industry that profits from stereotypes, casual racism isn't a shock. But not many performers are known to turn down the honor of fucking Jada Fire. The ebony vixen's enthusiastic embrace of interracial sex not only has broadened her appeal, but also made her an elite luxury for performers looking to make their mark in a highly competitive game.

"Interracial gives me more energy [than black-on-black]," Jada confides, "and that's what I get booked on most, probably 90% of the time. To be honest, I think a lot of guys get intimidated. They hear, 'Jada, she's crazy; you got to be on top of your game.' And they get scared.

"I told one guy, 'Think of me as a dollar sign. See a big ol' green dollar sign on my face. You wanna get paid? You better work this dollar sign!' A lot of guys don't give a damn. The more they hear about you being good, the more they can't wait. It's like a challenge to them. Some [white] guys are picky about the black girls they'll fuck. But I ain't never had a guy say, 'I don't want to fuck you anymore.' That has never happened to Jada Fire!" —*Mark Johnson*

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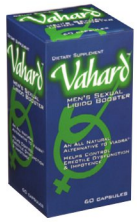

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MADELEINE BISOU

RÈME OF HE CROP?

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LAURENT SKY

Horseback riding is **Madeleine**'s second-favorite pastime, and now the luscious damsel looks ready to be mounted as this year's second *Beaver Hunt* Finalist. "I'm very flattered," purrs the French tutor, who made a great first impression in the January '07 amateur roundup under the moniker Vivica Vega. "I never thought I was going to make it this far. I can't believe that out of all the beautiful girls, you chose me."

Doing so was a no-brainer, but it might be the end of **Madeleine**'s skin-biz career. "My first professional photo-shoot was so wonderful," the rookie remarks, "it will probably be the only nude one I ever do. I don't want to chance having a bad experience elsewhere."

As with all her pursuits, when it's time for some romancing, **Madeleine** (whose Gallic last name means "kiss") pulls out all the stops: "I prefer a partner who is very manly. He should be domineering and take control. I need a guy who'll tie me up and handcuff me so I can feel weak, helpless and vulnerable. That's my biggest turn-on." Any others? "I'm pretty old-fashioned. I enjoy the missionary way, but I've always fantasized about being taken in my derriere!"

Madeleine, a virtual jet-setter who was raised in France and now has dual residences in Southern California and Hawaii, may be the perfect travel companion. “I love going to different places around the world,” the vivacious vixen explains, “and lie around naked in hotel rooms and secluded beaches, making love to whomever.”

If crowned our Grand Prize Winner, how will **Madeleine** spend her $5,000 windfall? “I’ll pick someone fun to play with, dash off to Tahiti or the French Riviera and make him my sex slave! Any volunteers?”

MADELEINE’S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: Nice, France
AGE: 28
BIRTH SIGN: Libra
HEIGHT: 5-7